

A Committee to Charles writes to Mr. ASPINALL,
New Cross, as follows:-

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL

Should sell in HUNDREDS OF TONS if it were only known properly in private houses. This house is simply beautiful, and I am confident, far healthier than when it is used with the ordinary poisonous lead paint.

At the Halls, Doors, Woodwork, &c., &c., are done with "ASPINALL'S ENAMEL" Stone, Ivory, Pink, and Library Colours made to pattern.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,

On the Post Roads, M. & M. & M., and in the Railways, M. & M. & M.

WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR GALLONS AND QUARTERS.

ONE PENNY. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

THIRD EDITION.
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE.
Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

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MESSRS. DILLON AND O'BRIEN.

SOME AMERICAN CRITICISMS.

BUFFALO, November 20.—A crowded meeting was held at the music hall here last night to welcome the Irish delegates, under the chairmanship of the mayor. Mr. Mooney, ex-president of the American League, presented a cheque for 5,000 dollars on behalf of the Buffalo branch. Mr. O'Brien, in the course of his speech, said:—So long as I know that I have hundreds of thousands of true friends in America, so long will be the task of labouring for Ireland, and if necessary, of suffering for her, be a proud and joyful task; and Mr. Dillon and myself will go home to gaol with happier and more tranquil minds than Mr. Balfour enjoys at Dublin Castle. In speaking of the general election day, he referred to it as the day of judgment for the Tories. Mr. Dillon discussed the land question, and Mr. Sullivan arraigned the Government of Dublin Castle. Mr. Parnell's name was loudly cheered when mentioned by Mr. Mooney as the great Irish leader, and by Father Cronin, who introduced a motion, which was adopted, expressing thanks to Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien and the rest of the immortal band who, under the leadership of the peerless Parnell, had rolled the stone from the door of Ireland's tomb.

Messrs. T. P. O'Connor and Harrington spoke at a meeting at Norwich, Connecticut last night, at which a sum of 20,000 dollars was collected. Mr. O'Connor, in returning thanks, said that, so far, of all the cities visited in the United States, Norwich had extended the greatest liberality and sympathy to the visitors.

NEW YORK, November 21.—Messrs. T. P. O'Connor and Harrington spoke at Springfield, Massachusetts, yesterday. A sum of 2,000 dollars was subscribed. In the course of an interview, Mr. Gill said that the generous subscriptions received at Buffalo and Norwich proved that the Irish abroad, as well as at home, are more determined than ever to adhere to Mr. Parnell and to the cause of which he is the champion. Referring to Mr. Balfour's speech at Grimsby, Mr. Gill said that the calumny, unexampled in English history, by which Mr. Balfour declared he had been assailed, consisted in the fact of the Irish leaders telling the truth about him and his officials. England, said Mr. Gill, had the world on her side for a long time; but now the world was bearing to the Irish side, and had come to back them up in the struggle. A committee of the New York United Irish Organisation has been appointed to raise funds for the relief of the people threatened with famine, and has decided to request Archbishop Croke to receive the money raised and to distribute it as a Christmas gift to the people in that portion of Ireland where there is most suffering.

Messrs. Mooney, Dillon, O'Brien, and Sullivan yesterday visited the municipal authorities at Buffalo, and also called upon Archbishop Ryan, who subscribed 100 dollars to the Irish Fund. Mr. Cornelius J. Reilly, the president, and five other members of a local branch of the National League here, have issued an address criticising the methods of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. With an ingratitude and a discourtesy that was astonishing, the latter wholly ignored the officers of the organisation who had done so much for them, and suffered undeserved abuse through obeying the wishes of Mr. Parnell and his associates. There was, therefore, no further use for the league in America, as it had no alliance with the league in Ireland. The visitors had not only strangled the league in the United States, but dictated to the people the work that was to be done by the local committee. Whilst professing to demand a Parliament for Ireland, they denied the American Irish the right to organise for the government of their own affairs. In conclusion, the address remarks that Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien are willing to receive

The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

LONDON, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1890.

MILFORD LANE } STRAND.—No. 476

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(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

TALES OF A TERRACE.

BY HEBER K. DANIELS, Author of "Mo and Jim."



PART II.—THE ELOPEMENT OF "DOLLY" RUDGE.

When Mr. Rudge brought his young wife into the terrace, and settled down in No. 13, over the way, there were not a few moments of us of opinion that the disparity in their ages was sufficient responsibility alone for any one family, without their further tempting Providence by selecting a chamber that had from time immemorial been notoriously associated with everything but good fortune. Not that our particular 13 was more conspicuous in this respect than any other that had come within our ken, but simply because 13 was 13 all the world over, and, therefore, fails to all good superstitions people, the terrace included, who, individually, would as lief have lodged over an oil-shop.

I don't suppose that the question of number ever entered into Mr. Rudge's head, or, if it did, that it troubled him in the least way; for he moved about with the air of a man so utterly down on his luck that the fact of his living in a No. 13 house could only affect his fortunes in one way, and that was to take possession.

Bearing in mind, therefore, the unavoidable notoriety that Mrs. Rudge had acquired for herself among the less favoured of her sex on the terrace, it was with qualified feelings of surprise that we learned, that the very next evening following on the notice, she had taken a seat in a pony trap by the side of a young man of a prepossessing air and fashionable get-up, and, without leaving a note, had left her to explain her absence, had, to use a civic vulgarity, "stopped it."

No. 13 had asserted its claim to evil repute with a vengeance. It was a cruel blow, and we all pitied the poor fellow, standing at the window next day, waiting her return, with the child in his arms, the very picture of mute, helpless despair, as the terrible truth began to dawn upon his mind, and he saw all his hopes and joys in life so suddenly and cruelly shattered.

It was just a week after her departure that he called upon me one evening, with a look of settled misery on his honest bronzed face, that, for all his wife's fascinating ways and pretty face, I really felt at the moment that I could have boxed her ears soundly for her—the minx!

"Good heavens, Mr. Rudge!" I said, as I ushered him in, and offered him a seat. "What is this they have been telling me? You don't mean to say that she's gone?"

"What, eloped?"

"Yes," said the carpenter and joiner, with an ill-suppressed groan, as he dropped on to one end of the sofa and placed the child beside him. "She's gone!"

"And yet," he added after a pause, "it was the slip was excusable under the circumstances."

"But," he continued, addressing his remarks through young William at his absent wife, "when you left me no message, no note—neither verbal nor otherwise—no token, nothing to do to ease the pain that come into my heart, what was I to think—what could I but do?"

"Oh, Dolly! Dolly! it was cruel—erful!" And the child nodded his head in agreement as he spoke.

Mrs. Rudge meant "gardon," but the slip was excusable under the circumstances.

"But," he continued, addressing his remarks through young William at his absent wife, "when you left me no message, no note—neither verbal nor otherwise—no token, nothing to do to ease the pain that come into my heart, what was I to think—what could I but do?"

"Oh, Dolly! Dolly! it was cruel—erful!" And the child nodded his head in agreement as he spoke.

"It was for No. 13 over the way."

"He started slightly."

"Yes, I have taken it in."

Sitting up straight on the sofa, with the child asleep in his arms, he looked me fixedly in the face, and was about to speak, when a pair of plump white hands appeared from behind him and clasped themselves tightly over his eyes.

"Guess, guess, guess!" she cried, her large eyes gaily dancing with excitement, and her face flushed and wreathed with smiles, as she held his head fast against her breast.

"This is the guilty woman! I could hardly believe my senses."

Mr. Rudge had never moved a muscle of his face, nor had he attempted to rise from his seat.

"Show her the paper," he said, in a voice so low and strange, but yet so commanding, that I felt compelled to obey.

Hardly glancing her eyes over the advertisement, she dismissed it with a shrug of disdain and one of the prettiest little pouts in the world.

"Oh! the brazenness of the little hussy!"

"Guess, guess, guess!" she reiterated, bringing her face down nearer and nearer to his, while her voice having awakened the baby, it held its arms up to her with a solemn crowd of recognition.

"Dolly!"

He said it in a mechanical sort of way and moved as if to avoid her; but over his face something like a spann-

of those that wants to know, though they don't care to be found. Here's a bit of writing that I wants shaping out and putting into print so soon as it can be done. See, here's the money that I've been and borrowed for it."

It was very brief, though much to the purpose, telling her that when those lines met her eye he and the child would have left the country for ever; and charging her by all that was sacred to womanhood never to try and seek him or the child out again.

"When I first see her," he volunteered, as I accepted the commission and made the necessary incunabula in the M.S., "she was an orphan without a friend in the world to take her part for her except a younger brother that went away to sea when she was a mere slip of a girl, and has never been heard of since. She was a tradesman's daughter, well brought up, though poor; I, a mechanic, without education to speak of, but with money enough to keep her comfortable. She was years younger than I was, and good-looking enough to have won the heart out of a sensible chap that my father always reckoned me to have been. And I was what I am now—not much of a style about me for a handsome young lass to swear by, perhaps. But I married her for all that I trusted everything to a pretty face, as others have done before me, and, like the rest, have found out my mistake when it was too late. My father, who made his hit of money in the building line, and owns a whole street of houses, so they tell me, wouldn't have anything to say to either of us after the marriage, through a mortal quarrel there had been between him and his father in their young days, over her mother, who had been and filled him, and he swore he'd see us starve. Think of it, dear! Think of the awfulness of that hour, when together we should have looked down on this little face, now so full of life and love for us, upturned in silent evidence of—what? Murder, as surely and truly as though with our hands we had taken its innocent brood away. Surely, knowing this, you will forgive me, in the hopes of saving our child, I should have appealed to one whose quarrel was not my quarrel, and who was bound by all the ties of humanity to help his own flesh and blood in the hour of awful danger."

"You've been—", and he stopped, as the cloud began to settle down on his brow, and his eyes to light up.

"Yes, I am afraid to you your father! But oh! William, no more to be called than that name by you in this world, for he is dead. He died in these very arms shortly after my arrival in France, where he'd been living all by himself until then—but not before he'd given me the message of forgiveness to his son—such forgiveness as he hoped would be granted to him in the world which he knew was to come."

"Knowing all this, can you still not forgive me for the only little deception I have ever practised on you since we've been together? God only knows what my feelings have been since that evening when I left you and the child without a word of warning, or the kiss that always went before our parting. But I couldn't bring myself to do it, William, for you would have read it on my eyes and brought me to confession. And for the same reason I was prevented from writing, as, knowing your feelings towards him and the oath that you'd taken, your presence at his side in anger would have frustrated all my plans for my darling. Speak to me, William, dear! Am I forgiven?"

"Forgiven!" he cried as he took her in his arms. "Yet stay, on one condition only."

"And that?" And she caught her breath.

"That you can first bring yourself to forgive me!"

Forgive him! I should think he stood in need of it!

"And now, sir," said she, turning around and smiling up at me through her tears, "perhaps you will be so kind as to ask my accomplices in all my villainies to stop inside, so that I may have the pleasure of introducing him to yourself and my husband. If it hadn't been for him turning up in the very nick of time and encouraging me in his support in what I have done, things would have been very different with us to what they are now."

When the accomplice walked into the room and stood in the full light of the gas, the ceremony of introduction was hardly deemed necessary. Why, it was Dolly in man's clothes—she never saw such a likeness in all your life!

But she introduced her brother to us for all that; and before they all departed for No. 13 over the way you will believe me when I tell you that we made such a night of it as neither they nor I shall forget if we should live to be a thousand years old.

Motioning him with her hand to remain outside, she again essayed to enter the house, but this time with a look on her face so imploring in its almost childlike beauty that I hadn't the heart to further say her nay.

"Look at me," she said, in a low, eager whisper, as we stood under the hall light. "Can you trust me now? Oh, say you can."

"No, no!" I said in a hurried whisper, as I half closed the door upon her, "not with him. I don't wish to see him again, and I'll tell him a lie."

"Dolly Rudge!"

She stood there with one hand raised as in warning, and the other extended towards me to arrest any further exclamation that might involuntarily escape from my lips.

"Hush! I know he's in there! Let me in! Oh, sir, the child; I want see it!"

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

That every care will be taken to ensure the accuracy of replies, the editor cannot accept any responsibility for accidental errors. Questions requiring to be answered by the author of the article in question must be sent to the editor. The author of the article in question must be responsible for the correctness of his answers.

REPUTATION.—It is too late. You have rendered yourself legally liable to pay for the whole amount.

CHASLES.—Fill up the form, and append your signature in the presence of two witnesses who are not interested in the transaction.

WEST NORWOOD.—Without seeing the whole of the documents, including the will, it would be most risky to offer any opinion.

CONSTANT READER.—You have been wronged.

J. CHANCE.—The reply you quote was given to another correspondent of the same name. We cannot send it in your search.

REPUTATION.—Yes.

J. H. S.—You cannot claim anything more out of the costs than what you received. The amount awarded included everything.

E. D.—Unless the son was a partner, he had no legal right to make the appointment.

CONSTANT READER.—If he does not turn out at the expiration of the notice, you must adopt the usual legal means for ejectment. You can sue him for the damage.

HAMILTON.—First inquire at Somerset House, 22 mo there, you will have to communicate

with some one in the colony to remit the local bill for three or four pence. This answer will be small bills. You will get a tube of ink for lettering on size.

W. G. H. L.—It would involve great trouble and expense in any case, and the result looks very doubtful.

G. W. M.—We have no information.

J. Y.—No; the proprietors are the responsible parties.

T. SWINNERTON.—Yes.

J. Y.—I have had better give up the things and one in the agency court, S. Y.

POMONA.—He could be prosecuted, of course.

W. G. H. L.—We cannot suggest any other way of obtaining the necessary evidence than by making diligent search for it, either personally or through detective agents.

L. C. L.—Such a marriage would be bigamy.

W. G. H. L.—You had better apply at once for a dissolution order.

A. Z.—Certainly not; if the trustees did so, he would be responsible to the heirs.

One who witness for Rudge.

W. G. H. L.—We have not got it.

R. A.—We must again repeat that it is not the habit of eminent persons to come to newspaper offices to have their physical dimensions measured. If you had better apply to his lawyer.

ALPHA.—Such distinctions are not sold in this country.

DOLLY.—You had better drop the matter.

W. H. B.—You should apply to one of the well-known agents in London. It would be better for you to do so than to inquire without the assistance of experts.

O. O. G.—It may be asthma. Consult a vet.

C. P. WAKE.—No.

C. G. M.—We have no further information beyond that which is given in the letter itself. If other particulars were obtained, they would be of great interest.

CONSTANT READER.—At any registry office.

Your question had no connection with the Household department.

POOR WOMAN.—Consult the clergyman of your parish, who might be able to give you some account of your case.

Z.—We do not know the particular sort she favours, nor should we name it even if we did.

ST. SWITHIN.—We cannot recall such a name.

W. B.—Not if properly constructed, but for

small boats. You will get a tube of ink for lettering on size.

W. H. L.—It was handed over to the Queen on 1st July, 1872, but minus the silk lining, which was not recovered until 1st March, 1874.

J. R.—We must again repeat that it is not

the habit of eminent persons to come to newspaper offices to have their physical dimensions measured. If you had better apply to his lawyer.

ALPHA.—Such distinctions are not sold in

this country.

DOLLY.—You had better drop the matter.

W. H. B.—Sell them, and keep an account of the money they fetch.

B. B.—When she dies make application to the Court of Chancery.

A. SHELDRICK.—If he died without leaving a will, one-third of his personal estate comes to the widow, the other two-thirds being divided among the children. The property must be sold to enable this partition to be carried out.

RETRACERY.—It is a comical expedient, and

one of the most absurd of the many

tricks of the law.

W. G. H. L.—It is a good way to

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(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)
THE SNAKE'S PASS.
BY BRAM STOKER, M.A.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CATASTROPHE.

We went down the hill westward until we came near the bog, for we had determined to make a circuit of it as our first piece of exploration, since we thought that here lay the most imminent danger. Then we separated, Dick following the line of the bog downward whilst I went north, intending to cross at the top and proceed down the farther side. We had agreed on a signal, if such could be heard through the storm, choosing the Australian "coo-ee," which is the best sound to travel known.

I hurried along as fast as I dared, for I was occasionally in utter darkness. Although the morning was coming with promise of light, the sea wind swept inland masses of swiftly-driving mist, which, whilst they encompassed me, made movement not only difficult and dangerous, but at times almost impossible. The electric feeling in the air had become intensified, and each moment I expected the thunderstorm to burst.

Every little while I called, "Norah!" Norah! in the vain hope that, whilst returning from her search for her father, she might come within the sound of my voice. But no answering sound came back to me, except the fierce roar of the storm, laden with the wild dash of the breakers hurled against the cliffs and the rocks below.

Even then, so strangely does the mind work, the words of the old song, "The Pilgrim of Love," came mechanically to my memory, as though I had called, "Orinthia" instead of "Norah."

Till with "Orinthia" all the rocks resound, On, on I went, following the line of the bog, till I had reached the northern point, where the ground rose and began to become solid. I found the bog here so swollen with rain that I had to make a long detour so as to get round to the western side. High up on the hill there was, I knew, a rough shelter for the cattle; and as it struck me that Joyce might have gone here to look after his stock, and that Norah had gone hither to search for him, I ran up to it. The cattle were there, huddled together in a solid mass behind the sheltering wall of sods and stones. I cried out as loudly as I could from the windward side, so that, my voice would carry:

"Norah! Norah! Joyce! Joyce! Are you there? Is there any one there?"

There was a stir amongst the cattle and one or two low "moos" as they heard the human voice, but no sound from either of those I sought; so I ran down again to the further side of the bog. I knew now that neither Norah nor her father could be on this point of the hill, or they would have heard my voice; and as the storm came from the west, I made a zigzag line going east to west as I followed down the bog so that I might have a chance of being heard—should there be any one to hear. When I got near to the entrance to the Cliff Fields I shouted as loudly as I could, "Norah! Norah!" but the wind took my voice away as it would sweep thistle down, and it was as though I made the effort but no voice came, and I felt awfully alone in the midst of a thick pall of mist.

On, on I went, following the line of the bog. Lower down there was some shelter from the storm, for the great ridge of rocks here rose between me and the sea, and I felt that my voice could be heard further off. I was sick at heart and chilled with despair, till I felt as if the chill of my soul had extended even to my blood; but on I went with set purpose, the true doggedness of despair.

As I went I thought I heard a cry through the mist—Norah's voice! It was but an instant, and I could not be sure whether my ears indeed heard, or if the anguish of my heart had created the phantom of a voice to deceive me. However, be it what it might, it awoke me like a clarion; my heart leaped and the blood surged in my brain till I almost became dizzy. I listened to try if I could distinguish from what direction the voice had come. I waited in agony. Each second seemed a century, and my heart beat like a trip-hammer. Then again I heard the sound—faint, but still clear enough to hear. I shouted with all my power, but once again the roar of the wind overpowered me; however, I ran on towards the voice.

There was a sudden lull in the wind—a blaze of lightning lit up the whole scene, and, some fifty yards before me, I saw two figures struggling at the edge of the rocks. It was that woful glance, indescribable though it was, I recognised the red petticoat which, in that place and at that time, could be none other than Norah. I shouted as I leapt forward, but just then the thunder broke overhead, and in the mighty and prolonged roar every other sound faded into nothingness, as though the thunder clap had come on a primeval stillness. As I drew near to where I had seen the figures, the thunder rolled away, and through its vanishing sound I heard distinctly Norah's voice:

"Help! Help! Arthur! Father! Help! Help!" Even in that wild moment my heart leaped, that, of all names, she called on mine the first. Whatever men may say, love and jealousy are near kinsmen! I shouted in return, as I ran, but the wind took my voice away—and then heard her voice again, but fainter than before:

"Help! Arthur! Father! Is there no one to help me now?" And then the lightning flashed again, and in the long jagged flash we saw each other, and I heard her glad cry before the thunder clap drowned all else. I had seen that her assailant was Murdoch, and I rushed at him, but he had seen me too, and before I could lay hands on him he had let her go, and with a mighty oath which the roll of the thunder drowned, he struck her to the earth and ran.

I raised my poor darling, and, carrying her a little distance, placed her on the edge of the ridge of rocks besides us, for by the light in the sky, which grew paler each second, I saw that a stream of water rising from the bog was flowing towards us. She was unconscious—so I ran to the stream and dipped my hat full of water to bring her to life. Then I remembered the signal of finding her, and, putting my hands to my lips, I sounded the like of which I had never heard, and the like of which I hope, in God's pro-

gress, I shall never hear again—a long, low gurgle, with something of a sucking sound; something terrible—resistless—and with a sort of hiss in it, as of seething waters striving to be free.

Then the convulsion of the bog grew greater; it almost seemed as if some monstrous living thing was deep under the surface and writhing to escape. By this time Murdoch's house had sunk almost level with the bog. He had climbed on the thatched roof, and stood there looking towards us, and stretching forth his hands as though in supplication for help. For a while the superior size and buoyancy of the roof sustained it, but then it, too, began to sink. Murdoch knelt, and clasped his hands in a frenzy of prayer.

"Keep back! keep back!" But she did not pause an instant, and the only words she said were:

"I am coming, Arthur! I am coming!"

Half way between us there was a flat-topped piece of rock, which raised her head out of the surrounding bog. As she struggled towards it, her feet began to sink, and a new terror for me was added to my own. But she did not falter a moment, and, as her lighter weight was in her favour, with great effort she gained it. In the meantime I struggled forward. There was between me and the rock a clump of furze bushes; on these I threw myself, and for a second or two they supported me. Then even these began to sink with me, for faster and faster, with each succeeding second, the earth seemed to liquify and melt away.

Up to now I had never realised the fear, and the possibility, of death to myself—hitherto all my fears had been for Norah. But now came to me the bitter pang which must be for each of the children of men on whom Death has laid his icy hand. That this dread moment had come there was no doubt; nothing short of a miracle could save me!

No language could describe the awful sensation of that melting away of the solid earth—the most dreadful nightmare would be almost a pleasant memory compared with it.

I was now only a few feet from the rock whose very touch meant safety to me—but it was just beyond my reach! I was sinking to my doom!—I could see the horror in Norah's eyes, as she gained the rock and struggled to her feet.

Lighter and lighter grew the sky over the mountain, till at last one red ray shot up like a crack in the vault of heaven, and a great light seemed to smite the rocks that glistened in their coat of wet. Across the ravine we saw Joyce and Dick beginning to descend, so as to come over to us. This aroused us, and we shouted to them to keep back, and waved our arms to them in signal; for we feared that some landslip or some new outpouring of the bog might sweep them away, or that the bottom of the ravine might be still only treacherous slime. They saw our gestures, if they did not hear our voices, and held back. Then we pointed up the ravine, and signalled them that we would move up the edge of the rocks. This we proceeded to do, and they followed on the other side, watching us intently. Our progress was slow, for the rocks were steep and difficult, and we had to keep eternally climbing up and descending the serrated edges where the strata lapped over each other; and, besides we were chilled and numbed with cold.

At last, however, we passed the corner where was the path down to the Cliff Fields, and turned eastwards up the hill. Then in a little while we got well above the ravine, which here grew shallower, and could walk on more level ground. Here we saw that the ravine ended in a deep cleft, whence issued a stream of water. And then we saw hurrying up over the top of the cleft Joyce and Dick.

Up to now, Norah and I had hardly spoken a word. Our hearts were too full for speech; and, indeed, we understood each other, and could interpret our thoughts by a subtler language than that formulated by man.

"Now, for the strong hands that that other had despised!"

Norah threw herself backward with her feet against a projecting piece of the rock, and I felt that if we could both hold out long enough I was saved.

Little by little I gained! I drew closer and closer to the rock! Closer! closer still! till with one hand I grasped the rock itself, and hung on, breathless, in blind desperation. I was only just able to support myself, for there was a strange dragging power in the viscous mass that held me, and greatly taxed my strength, already exhausted in the terrible struggle for life. The bog was beginning to move! But Norah bent forward, kneeling on the rock, and grasped my coat collar in her strong hands. Love and despair lent her additional strength, and with one last great effort she pulled me upward—and in an instant more I lay on the rock safe and in her arms.

During this time, short as it was, the morning had advanced, and the cold grey mysterious light disclosed the whole slope before us dim in the shadow of the hill. Opposite to us, across the bog, we saw Joyce and Dick watching us, and between the gusts of wind we faintly heard their shouts.

To our right, far down the hill, the Shleemanaher stood out boldly, its warden rocks struck by the grey light falling over the hill top. Near to us, and something in the same direction, Murdoch's house rose, a black mass in the centre of the hollow.

But as we looked around us, thankful for our safety, we grasped each other more closely, and a low cry of fear emphasised Norah's shudder—for a terrible thing began to happen.

The whole surface of the bog, as far as we could see it in the dim light, became wrinkled, and then began to move in little eddies, such as one seen in a swollen river. It seemed to rise and rise till it grew almost level with where we were, and instinctively we rose to our feet and stood there awestruck, Norah clutching me, and with our arms round each other.

We all talked at once and told the story over and over again of the deadly peril I had been in, and how Norah had saved my life; and here the brave girl's fortitude gave way. She seemed to realise all at once the terror and the danger of the long night, and suddenly her lips grew white, and she would have sunk down to the ground only that I had seen her faint coming and had caught her and held her tight. Her dear head fell over on my shoulder, but her hands never lost their grasp of me.

Then Dick put in a word about poor Moynahan.

"Poor old fellow, he is gone also."

He was a drunkard, but he wasn't bad. Perhaps he saved Norah last night from a terrible danger. His life may have been saved by the warden rocks.

And so, having done with poor Moynahan.

"Poor old fellow, he is gone also."

He was a drunkard, but he wasn't bad. Perhaps he saved Norah last night from a terrible danger. His life may have been saved by the warden rocks.

And then I told again of Norah's brave struggle, and how, by her courage and her strength, she took me out of the very jaws of a terrible death. She put one hand before her eyes—for I held the other close in mine—and through her fingers dropped the welling tears.

We sat silent for a while, and we felt that it was only right and fitting when Joyce came round to her and laid his hand on her head and stroked her hair as he said:

"Ye have done well, daughter—ye have done well!"

When breakfast was finished, Dick proposed that we should go now and look in the full daylight at the effect of the shifting of the bog.

Then Miss Joyce hurried over near Murdoch's house to change her clothes, and Dick and I went with Joyce, and we all rigged ourselves out with whatever came to hand; and then we came back to the kitchen and laughed at each other's appearance. We found Miss Joyce

already making preparations for breakfast, and succeeding pretty well, too.

And then Norah joined us, but she was not the least grotesque; she seemed as though she had just stepped out of a bandbox—she seemed so trim and neat, with her grey jacket and her Sunday red petticoat. Her black hair was coiled in one glorious roll round her noble head, and there was but one thing which I did not like, and which sent a pang through my heart—a blue and swollen bruise on her ivory forehead where Murdoch had struck her that dastard blow! She saw my look and her eyes fell, and when I went to her and kissed the wound and whispered to her how it pained me, she looked up at me and whispered so that none of the others could hear:

"Hush! hush! Poor soul, he has paid a terrible penalty; let us forget as we forgive!" And then I took her hands in mine and stooped to kiss them, whilst the others all smiled happily as they looked on; but she tried to draw them away, and a bright blush dyed her cheeks as she murmured to me:

"No! no, Arthur! Arthur dear, not now! I only did what any one would do for you!" and the tears rushed to her eyes.

"I must, Norah," said I, "I must, for I owe these brave hands my life!"

And then I took her hands in mine and I kissed them and she made no more resistance. Her father's voice and words sounded very true as he said:

"Nay, daughter, it is right that he should kiss these hands this blessed mornin', for they took a true man out of the darkness of the grave!"

And then my noble old Dick came over too, and he raised those dear hands reverently to his lips, and said very softly—

"For he dear to us all!"

By this time Miss Joyce had breakfast well under weigh, and one and all we thought that it was time we should let the brightness of the day and the lightness of our hearts have a turn; and Joyce said heartily:

"Come now! Come now! Let us sit down to breakfast; but first let us give thanks to Almighty God that has been so good to us, and let us forgive that poor wretch that met such a horrible death. Rest to his soul!"

We were all silent for a little bit, for the great gladness of our hearts, that came through the terrible remembrance thus brought home to us, was too deep for words. Norah and I sat hand in hand, and between us was but one heart, and one soul, and one thought—and all were filled with gratitude.

When once we had begun breakfast in earnest a miniature babel broke out.

We had each something to tell and much to hear; and for the latter reason we tacitly arranged, after the first outbreak, that each should speak in turn.

Miss Joyce told us of the terrible anxiety she had been in ever since she had seen us depart, and how every sound, great or small—even the gusts of wind that howled down the chimney and made the casements rattle—had made her heart jump into her mouth, and brought her out to the door to see if we or any of us were coming. Then Dick told us how, on proceeding down the eastern side of the bog, he had diverged so as to look in at Murdoch's house to see if we were there, but had found only old Moynahan lying on the floor in a state of speechless drunkenness, and so wet that the water running from his clothes had formed a pool of water on the floor. He had evidently only lately returned from wandering on the hill side. Then as he was about to go on his way, he had heard, as he thought, a noise lower down the hill, and on going towards it had met Joyce carrying a sheep which had its leg broken, and which he told him had been blown off a steep rock on the south side of the hill. Then they two had kept together after Dick had told him of our search for Norah, until we had seen them in the coming grey of the dawn.

Next, Joyce took up the running, and told us how he had been working on the top of the mountain when he saw the signs of the storm coming so fast that he thought it would be well to look after the sheep and cattle, and see them in some kind of shelter before the morning. He had driven all the cattle which were up high on the hill into the shelter where I had found them, and then had gone down the southern shoulder of the hill, placing the sheep and cattle in places of shelter as well as he could, until he had come across the wounded one, which he took on his shoulders to bring it home, but which had since been carried away in the bursting of the bog. He finished by reminding me, incidentally that I owed him something for his night's work, for the stock was now all mine.

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"No!" said I, "not for another day. My purchase of your ground and stock we could not afford to pay for, and, indeed, we understood each other, and could interpret our thoughts by a subtler language than that formulated by man.

In another minute Norah was clasped in her father's arms. He held her close, and kissed her, and cried over her; while Dick wrung my hand hard. Then Joyce left his daughter, and came and flung himself round me, and thanked God that I had escaped, whilst Norah went up to Dick, and his arms round him, and kissed him as a sister might.

We all went back together as fast as we could; and the sun that rose that morning rose on no happier group—despite the terror and the trouble of the night. Norah walked between her father and me, holding us both tightly, and Dick walked on my other side with his arm in mine. As we came within sight of the house, we met Miss Joyce again, and her face was grey with anxiety. She rushed towards us, and flung her arms round each other in their arms; and then we all kissed her—ever Dick, to her surprise. His kiss was the last, and it seemed to pull her together; for she perked up, and put her cap straight—a thing which she had not done for the rest of us. Then she walked beside us, and with her arms round each other.

We all talked at once and told the story over and over again of the deadly peril I had been in, and how Norah had saved my life; and here the brave girl's fortitude gave way. She seemed to realise all at once the terror and the danger of the long night, and suddenly her lips grew white, and she would have sunk down to the ground only that I had seen her faint coming and had caught her and held her tight. Her dear head fell over on my shoulder, but her hands never lost their grasp of me.

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And then I took her hands in mine and I kissed them and she made no more resistance. Her father's voice and words sounded very true as he said:

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OUR OMNIBUS.

THE M.P.

Was it cynicism or some political motive which influenced Mr. Parnell to issue his Parliamentary summons to his followers on the very day—last Saturday—when he virtually made public confession that he had to use Mr. Justice Butt's phrase, "debauched his friend's wife"? I am inclined to attribute the coincidence to his desire to let the world see that he had not the slightest intention of withdrawing from public life. It was as much as to say to the "items," "Well, you see what I am from the standpoint of morality, but please to remember that I still hold the purse-strings, and have no idea of giving them up to Mr. O'Brien or any one else." Poor items!

Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities have just pronounced with greater emphasis than ever that they, like the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and London, will have nothing to do with Home Rule in any shape or form. This was the sole question in issue at the late elections of Lord Balfour and the thumping majorities by which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen were returned sufficiently show how educated opinion in Scotland inclines. In both instances the Unionist overplus was very largely augmented compared with the last contests three years ago.

It is rumoured that the result of the O'Shea divorce suit gave a severe shock to Mr. Gladstone, who had been made to believe that his partner would emerge with flying colours. From the first, the case was represented to him as merely an unscrupulous dodge to lower the reputation of his friend, and when once this idea got firmly rooted in his head, he threw caution to the winds and went "all in" for the latest martyr. The incident should be a solemn warning to him not to place such boundless faith in Parnellite assertions of innocence for the future. His friends are always innocent until they are found out.

As regards the probable political effect of Mr. Parnell's discomfiture, apart from the burning question of the Irish leadership, I doubt whether it will be nearly so great as some people predict. For a brief time it will be much talked about, but the shortness of the trial and the absence of sensational ingredients leave no salient points for the public memory to hang on to. Mr. Parnell may therefore hope to "live it down" by lying low for a few months, while his return to the bosom of Gladstonite society would be facilitated were he to marry the unhappy victim of his fascinations as soon as the decree nisi is confirmed. She lately came into a fine fortune, I believe, on the demise of her aunt.

The Parnellite mendicants in America have not been doing so well lately with their collection of alms from poor Biddy and Mickey. At first the dollars came tumbling in splendidly, but these handsome subscriptions mainly came from politicians who coveted the Irish vote for their respective parties against the next Presidential election. That bank being exhausted, the missionaries have to depend to a greater extent on popular generosity, and the result is to prove that neither they nor the cause they represent are much favoured by the American people. No wonder, either. Brother Jonathan may well have become tired of pouring money into such a bottomless bucket as the treasury of the National League.

One of the Separatist members for Lancashire has observed, affirming that Welsh disestablishment is now the foremost plank of the Gladstonite platform. Let us hope that the recording angel always keeps a copious supply of tears on tap for the obliteration of such mendacious utterances as this. Mr. Gladstone has never once wavered in his proclaimed resolve to thrust every other question aside until that of Home Rule is finally and decisively settled. After that is accomplished, but not until then, the "open mind" will be ready to tackle any subject under the sun, from the Eight Hours' Bill to the re-establishment of the Heptarchy or the disendowment of Chelsea Hospital.

Many people are remarking on the wonderful cessation of Sir William Harcourt's oratorical activity since Parliament broke up. He has become quite an "extinct volcano" not even a single rumble makes itself heard. The truth is, I believe, that he finds it necessary to husband his strength. Big as he is, and robust as he looks, Sir William is easily tired, and during last session Nature warned him that, unless he took great care of himself, he might be played out before Mr. Gladstone's shoes are empty. Another theory is that the plethoric knight desires to keep his hands free on the more thorny questions of the hour; he has had painful experience of the inconvenience which results to a politician from indiscreetly giving pledges that have to be subsequently thrown overboard.

Talking with a Separatist member the other day, I challenged him to say frankly whether, in his opinion, the present Government has governed the empire wisely and well since it came into office. After considering a few moments, he replied, "Well, yes, with the exception of Ireland." "But," I answered, "has not the sister isle also improved immensely, both socially, politically, and economically?" "That is so," he rejoined, "but this improvement was brought about by means which I consider most reprehensible." It comes, then, to this: that the constitutencies are to be asked to elect a really good and efficient Government solely because it could not make an omelette without breaking a few eggs. I recite this conversation because it shows, in a somewhat striking light, how weak is the ground on which the better class of Separatists take their stand.

OLD IZAAK.

On Monday last I wended my way in the direction of Piccadilly, my object being to view Mr. S. C. Harding's exhibition of water-colour drawings, the principal feature of which consisted of a variety of sketches of the Thames. I understand this has never been attempted before—that is in a popular sense, particularly in respect of life on the river in its varied forms. Occasional bits of the Thames have appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy, but even this only rarely. The Thames has also been photographed, but, as a rule, with only the photographer present. The artists who have been engaged on this work all through the summer and autumn are Miss Carter, Miss Cooper, Miss Fuller, F. Evans, and Homer-Ville Hague, and they have succeeded in producing some splendid views of our royal river. And I greatly admired the last paintings by the late Mr. C. Forster.

It the evening there were a few anglers present, notably Mr. Crumpton and Mr. Kelly, of the Central Association. I should like to have seen more London club anglers there, especially as Mr. Harding kindly kept the exhibition open to a late hour mainly to suit their convenience.

I trust the angling community will not forget to muster in strong force on Monday next when Mr. Crumpton will read his paper on "Palfourgh and its Surroundings," before the Great Northern Brothers Angling Society. Mr. T. E. Sachs has consented to occupy the chair, and an enjoyable evening is promised. I hear Mr. Crumpton has con-

siderably lengthened his paper by the addition of several interesting items, to which I alluded in my notes of last week.

Anglers, both north and south of the Thames, will be sorry to hear that Mr. A. Conn, secretary to the Bermondsey Brothers Angling Society, has met with an accident, which compelled him to absent himself from the visit of the Rodney Piscatorial. I wish him a speedy recovery.

The Anglers' Association visit to the Blackfriars South London United visit to the Blackfriars Angling Society and the Rodney Piscatorial respectively both took place on Tuesday evening, the result as was to be expected, being a poor muster in each case. Now, it certainly seems strange to me that, considering Mr. Conn and Mr. Armstrong are members of the same club and consequently have opportunities of meeting, which other visiting officers have not, some better arrangement was not made. However, I am pleased to hear that the visit of the Rodney Piscatorial was a success, nineteen clubs being well represented.

Owing to the miserable weather I could only manage to get to the Blackfriars, where I received a cordial welcome from Mr. Howard, the secretary, and Mr. Doplidge, the chairman. I did not stay to hear the roll called, but have since heard that only twelve clubs answered. It is a pity they had such a poor muster, and I wish them better luck next time. The society has recently changed its headquarters, and are now the happy possessors of a good club room. I believe, too, their host, Mr. Wilson, is himself an ardent angler, and intends to make the Blackfriars one of the biggest societies in South London.

On Sunday week the members of the Anchor and Hope Angling Society went to Tunbridge Wells for four prizes, but, as neither of them could get a scale, they were fished for again last Sunday, the following taking prizes: Mr. D. Davis, first; Mr. F. W. Martin, second; Mr. J. Head, of the Alma, succeeded in capturing a fine show of roach last Sunday.

The annual dinner and entertainment of the Clapton Angling Society will take place on Wednesday next, at their new club-house, the Wayland Hotel, Wayland Avenue, Dalston. At nine o'clock Mr. J. P. Wheeler will read a paper, to be followed by a concert. On Thursday, the half-yearly supper of members and friends of the North-Western Angling Club, takes place at the Lord Southampton, Haverstock Hill.

The members of the Great Northern Brothers were out on Sunday last, and the following weighed in some good roach from the Thames:—C. Watling, 5lb. 7oz. (one fish); W. Parkin, 4lb. 11oz. From the Lee, H. Wright, jack 5lb. 4oz., and H. Proch, some fine dace. The Bermondsey Brothers also had a fine show of roach and dace, weighing 39lb., to which the following gentlemen contributed:—H. Patman, C. Fell, W. Streeton, R. Smith, D. Dodson, and J. Smith. I am sorry to hear of the death of Mr. W. T. Morris, the president of the above society. It is unnecessary for me to say how deeply the members regret the loss of so true a friend.

The reported scarcity of jack in the Thames has been substantially negatived by the take of nineteen in one day at the end of last week out of the Hampton Deep from James Hedges' punt, eleven being returned to the river again, and the largest one retained, weighing 7lb. During the same week twenty-seven jack were caught just above Teddington Weir. At Twickenham Mr. Jeffries and Mr. Morell in one day caught 26lb. of roach, dace, and bream; and three members of the Hammersmith United Angling Club in one day got 19lb. of roach and dace. At Teddington B. Stevens in one day fourteen bream. At Staines John Keene, junior, has been well employed; one day, with Mr. Wellman, eighteen club, the largest 2lb.; another day, with Mr. Wilson, five dozen of roach and eight club, the largest club 2lb.; and another day 26lb. of good roach. During the week a great many of the roach weighed over 1lb. each.

PIPER PAN.

The Royal Italian opera season, which will close next week, has been admirably managed by Signor Lago, who has produced high-class operas which had been too long shelved, and has engaged some of the best operatic artists; in fact, has formed a company equal in all respects to that engaged during the preceding summer season at Covent Garden. The terms of admission have been about half those usually charged, and I strongly recommend my readers to attend the attractive performances which will be given next week at ordinary theatre prices.

Madame Albani has been in excellent voice, and made a great success as Elsa, in "Lohengrin." I regret to say that she was less successful as Valentine, in "Les Huguenots," although she is said to have filled this rôle with much success in America. Last week she acted well, and in that respect a better Valentine could not be desired, but the music was too high for her voice, and when she attacked the high C. in Act II. and III., she was evidently overstrained.

Operatic artists are always ambitious, and are often tempted to undertake parts in which others have been renowned; but when they attempt tasks beyond their physical powers they court failure, and I hope that the recent example of Madame Albani's comparative failure as Valentine may not be forgotten by younger aspirants.

We have to thank Signor Lago for the success of Wagner's "Tannhäuser," which had been much too long shelved. It was produced on Tuesday last, and I am glad to say drew an immense audience. The title part was capitally filled by Signor Ferotti, who not only sang in finished style, but acted as well that he awakened sympathy for the contemptible hero of the opera.

Madame Albani's impersonation of Elizabeth was perfectly charming, and she sang Elizabeth's prayer and other portions of the score with a beauty of tone and power of expression seldom equalled. I remember her first appearance in this part when "Tannhäuser" was produced in Italian at Covent Garden fourteen years ago, and I found her in many respects more successful on Tuesday last.

M. Maurel, as Wolfram, repeated the success he had made in that interesting part fourteen years ago, and sang the "Star of Eve" exquisitely; his acting was most part admirable, but would have been better if he had been less prone to make himself prominent. I cannot spare space for further comment, but, congratulating my friend Lago on his success which attended his revival of one of Wagner's most acceptable works, at the sound performance the theatre was again crowded.

M. Müller, Ella Russell's rôle as Elsa ("Lohengrin") was brilliantly successful; her beautiful voice was in the best order, and both as singer and actress she was worthy of the enthusiastic applause she elicited. I take this opportunity to mention that "Gluck's" "Orfeo" was repeated on Monday last with the Sisters Rayleigh in the parts they fill so well, and again the spacious theatre was well filled. "Good wine needs no bush."

Madame Adelina Patti's farewell concert at the Albert Hall on Wednesday last attracted

a considerable, but not crowded, audience. I cannot help thinking that a large portion of the musical public feel they had enough of the too familiar repertoire to which this great artist restricted herself. Her solos were "Ernani involami," the shadow song from "Dinorah," and "Il Bacio"; for encores, "Robin Adair," "Within a mile of Edinburgh town," and the inevitable "Home, sweet home." She sang splendidly, but might surely have found less hackneyed songs.

Mr. Sims Reeves was in excellent voice, and his two songs were enthusiastically applauded and redemanded. I am happy to say that he declined encores. It is a pity he ever accepted any; had he always refused, the "encore nuisance" would have been less prevalent. Of the other artists I need not speak.

The "encore nuisance" was rampant at St. James's Hall on Wednesday last, when Mr. Boosey's "London Ballad Concert" season opened. The hall was crowded, and every solo was redemanded. English ballads are as popular as ever, and a copious selection was sung by Madames Moody, Davies, Cole, and Stirling; MM. Lloyd, Davies, Maybrick, and Foote. Madrigals were sung by Mr. E. Fanning's choir. Instrumental solos were played by Lady Hallé and Master Hamblin, and the audience had plenty of music for their money.

Of the "London Symphony Concerts," and the "Albéniz Orchestral Concerts," I must defer special notice until next week. On Monday next Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will give one of their delightful recitals at Prince's Hall, and on the following Saturday Mr. Hall will give his annual "Scottish Ballad Concert" at St. James's Hall, in honour of St. Andrew's Day. As usual, Mr. Austin will be assisted by many of our best artists, and some hundreds of amateurs. The gallery and orchestra seats are on these occasions crowded with economical music-lovers, almost exclusively Scotch, and from the time the doors are opened until the concert commences gallery and orchestra join their voices in singing Scottish melodies, and often sing them remarkably well.

BUCKLAND JUNIOR.

From our ever-welcome correspondent, Mr. A. Roberton, comes the following:

There is good reason to believe that no island in the South Atlantic is visited by so large a number of turtles as Ascension Island. The season from January to June, when the eggs are deposited in the nests from 9000 to 10000, is the hatching season, when the nests are within a high water mark. These nests are about nine and a half feet round and two feet deep; in each are deposited from fifty to sixty eggs. In nine weeks they are hatched, the young ones forcing their way through the sand and making at once for the sea. Many are caught on their way by the sea turtle, which abounds. A full-grown turtle will weigh about 500 to 600 lbs. The shell is greatly esteemed, and is eaten in a variety of ways. In some parts of the island tortoise parks could easily be constructed and the young protected from their numerous enemies. A large trade might spring up by importing these turtles, and selling them cheaply, and instead of getting a high toll for a few with the usual tolls of a thousand dollars. They sell very well, and also lay eggs in the sand. They are about the size of plover's eggs, and over 10,000 dozen are collected during the season for human food.

Mr. W. Barnard kindly sends two natural history cuttings from old Hampshire newspapers. The first appeared on January 27th, 1817, and records that Mr. William Gibbs, of Haverfordwest, had them in his possession a live white starling without a single coloured feather. It had been shot at and wounded some months before, but was quite recovered and reconciled to captivity.

The other cutting, bearing date June 14th, 1822, tells a rather pathetic story of two dogs. In those days imprisonment for debt was in force, and one of the unfortunate prisoners in the Fleet was owner of a rough black dog. This poor animal, since the time of his master's incarceration, had never left the cage except for a few minutes at a time, until the debtor was removed to the King's Bench Prison, where it followed him, returning to the Fleet when he was removed there again. Its owner regularly sent out food for it, for by the prison regulations dogs were not admitted. The other dog was a spotted one, and it also remained outside the Fleet Prison, where its master was confined.

I am sorry that the remarks I made last week about my ferrets should have so aroused the wrath and scorn of "J. T." This gentleman has sent me an epistle concerning them, the biting sarcasm of which almost withers me up. Because his ferrets do not behave as mine do—or, rather, because he has not observed them doing so—he lays it down that my ferret could do so. In fact, Mr. "J. T." seems to consider that he knows everything about ferrets, and that every one else knows nothing. "Ferrets never scratch, except there is a hole," says this dogmatic gentleman. Don't they? Then I would very much like to know what animals I have got hold of, because they burrow under the wall of a little yard in which I keep them. I suppose that they must be some other animal. "As for gnawing at wood, they never do," he continues. Really, "J. T." you cannot convince me against the evidence of my own senses, and as I have lately had to bind the edge of their door with wire to protect it from their teeth (for it was being gnawed right through), I have a pretty vivid impression that they do gnaw. "J. T." ferrets seem to be a very feeble collection, for he says, "if the boxes that barricaded the dustbins were match-boxes, the animals might have carried them away, but that I should very much dispute." Can't "J. T." ferrets remove anything heavier than match-boxes? I don't think I should care much for them; they seem too gentle for me. I suppose they would not think of chasing a poor rabbit, and would consider it wicked to kill a rat. I wonder if they really are ferrets at all. More than this I must not say in the meantime.

Henry Ashley will be a decided loss to English comic opera. To me he was rather monotonous in style, but he played a certain sort of part better than any actor I know. He was cut out by nature for the fathers in comic opera, especially the aristocratic ones; he could imitate fatuity with great effect; and he had, moreover, sufficient knowledge of music to enable him to get creditably through a not too difficult song if that were allotted him. Formerly he was employed most largely in comedy, but latterly he had drifted into singing parts.

Mr. Wilson Barrett no doubt knows his own business much better than I can tell him, but, all the same, I cannot help hoping that he will not reduce the ordinary price for stalls when he opens the "Olympic." If he does, I fear the only result will be that the fashionable public will taboo the theatre, as being less "swell" than the others. No doubt the great general public can support a theatre without the aid of the half-quid stalls, but why not secure a little more than a half-quid as one can? I should say to Mr. Barrett: Reduce the number of your half-quid stalls if you like, but don't abolish them altogether.

I hear that the Robertson comedies are to be revived in London before long. They will be in the hands of a manager whose name is a guarantee for admirable staging and first-rate casts, and who is himself qualified by reputation and ability to "star" in them. More than this I must not say in the meantime.

Mr. Tresor contradicts the rumour that he is going to America next year. But, of course, he will go, sooner or later. I hope it will be later, because I think it is easy to lose ground in London, and absence does not invariably make the heart grow fonder. Moreover, Mr. Tresor is still young, both in years and in experience. Mr. Willard is young too, but he has had a long apprenticeship to the stage, and, moreover, he has yet to establish himself in London in a theatre of his own. His American engagement, therefore, will do him no harm as regards the English metropolis.

Cole clearly summed the matter up in the words, "A hen might possibly sing, but a cock could not lay an egg." Judgment was accordingly pronounced for the plaintiff.

The fact of the matter is, that many more hen canaries sing than is usually supposed. I remember that when, some years ago, we had a correspondence on the subject, I was quite surprised at the number of female birds which were songsters. I have had one myself, and I suppose that many large canary fanciers have had many. Of course, until the bird lays an egg it is considered a male on account of its vocal powers. The notion that only male parrots talk is quite erroneous. Whether they are any better in this respect than females I cannot say for certain, but it is extremely unlikely.

I answer to R. Jacob, I may say that stages shed their horns every February, renewing them in March. At the beginning of the former month these horns are entirely absent, but a pair of projections, covered with a velvet fur, soon appear, and the antlers are completed in about ten weeks. The velvet covering then disappears.

THE ACTOR.

Some day, I suspect, the use of lighted lamps on the stage will have to be prohibited. These things are for ever causing anxiety.

At the Shaftesbury, on Monday, the audience was kept on tenterhooks during one of the scenes by the flaring up of a lamp at the back of the stage—a lamp, too, that was surrounded by a heavy shade, ornamented apparently with lace, which, if sooty, would catch light at any moment. M. Marin first of all turned the flame down, and then, when it again flared, ordered the removal of the lamp; but, meanwhile, not only had the audience been perturbed, but the important scene between M. Marin and Mrs. Lancaster had been spoiled.

There was also trouble on Monday with the Shaftesbury drop-curtain. It would not come down at the end of the first act, persisting in "catching" on one side. This, I cannot help thinking, was the fault of some one.

It would be a good idea if stage managers made a point of trying the act-drop before audiences came in on first nights. It is so very important that there shall be no hitch of the kind. The situation at the close of the first act of "The Pharaohs" was quite "killed" on Monday by this act-drop contretemps.

Happily there was no hitch at all on the first night of "Antony and Cleopatra." Everything went like clockwork. But I cannot help thinking, was the fault of some one. It would be a good idea if stage managers made a point of trying the act-drop before audiences came in on first nights. It is so very important that there shall be no hitch of the kind. The situation at the close of the first act of "The Pharaohs" was quite "killed" on Monday by this act-drop contretemps.

It would be an improvement if the washing of pavements in front of small shops were performed with a little more regard for the public. In cases where a hose is employed, it is sometimes impossible to get past without having your feet and legs deluged, unless you go out into the roadway and accept the risk of being run over. Then, too, the operators with brooms appear to rather enjoy the fun of spattering pedestrians with liquid mud. Perhaps they may be in partnership with the shoeblacks, who are certainly indebted to them for a considerable amount of business.

Talking of "London Assurance," it is singular how rarely that sparkling, if old-fashioned, comedy has been "put on" for a "run." On the other hand, it has always been an immense favourite with the givers of matinées. The reason is the same in both cases. The play is popular with matinée-givers because it has a long cast, and one over which it is possible to distribute many excellent actors. It is not popular with managers because it can only be represented adequately by excellent and, therefore, expensive artists.

The Criterion cast, by the way, will be really attractive. Mr. Wyndham is an ideal Dazzle, and Mrs. Boosey will look charming as Gladys. Miss Moore will look charming as Grace, and Miss Vinney should be an admirable Port. Mr. Bouchier is well fitted for Charles, and what funnier Middle and Sparker could there be than Messrs. Blakely and Giddens? Mr. Farren is the "legitimate" Sir Harcourt of our day. I remember how cleverly the part was played at a Savoy matinée some time ago by Mr. Willard.

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JACK ALLROUND.

"Jersey" writes: "When I was in America we often had a delicious jam made of pumpkins. I have asked several friends, but no one can tell me how to make it. As pumpkins are quite cheap at the greengrocers, I venture to ask you if you can tell me how to make the jam, which seems to be unknown in England. I have also had a letter from a correspondent in Cambridge, who says he has 'some very fine ripe pumpkins,' and asks if he 'can make a preserve with them.' It certainly can, and I hope my fair inquirer will be pleased to learn that the following was given to me as an American recipe:—Weigh the pumpkin as it stands, unpeeled and uncut, and allow the same weight of lump sugar; then peel the fruit, and cut it open, taking out the inside and seeds, using only the firm flesh for the jam. The seeds, however, are to be well covered in water, and boiled. When you have cut up the fruit in thin slices, and put it in the preserving pan, strain the water off the seeds over it, and add plain water sufficient to cover the whole. To every two pounds of fruit add one ounce of whole ginger slightly bruised, and boil until the pumpkin is nearly done enough, then take out the fruit and put the sugar into the liquid and boil until clear, then replace the fruit in the pans, and slowly boil for an hour and a half; remove the pieces of ginger, and put the jam into crocks; when cold tie the close."

"Mab" asks me to let her have a recipe for making a salad à la Russe. I hope she is prepared with a full supply of all the good things the Russians consider essential for the dish. Boil in salted water as many carrots and turnips as may be needed, but let them be under rather than over boiled. Let them get cold, and then with a vegetable scoop cut out of them as well as out of some cold boiled beetroot as many pieces about the size of an olive as will give you, say, a cupful of each vegetable; cut out a cupful of each of fresh preserved asparagus and haricot beans, the latter must not be the dried beans so much used in England; then get two table-spoonfuls of anchovies, cleaned and cut into small pieces, and the same quantity of capers and of pickled gherkins cut in the shape of capers, about two ounces of stoned olives, a table-spoonful of tarragon and chervil finely minced, and a dessert-spoonful of chives minced fine. Make a sauce of raw yolks of eggs, oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt well worked together and lightly mix all the other ingredients into this, and when serving garnish the dish with lobster berries, hard boiled eggs, olives, pickles, &c.

AN "OWER TRUE" TALE.
I know a country village where Nature's charms abound, But on thing there is lacking to make it happy ground—

Sweet charity; for there the weeds of slander grow apace—

Those poisoned weeds 'mid human flowers which blot the fairest place.

This story is true one—no dream of ideal wrong.

No string of idle fancies caught up to form a song;

For many eyes which read it will know that simple tale,

And many know the teller, and many know the tale.

Within that quiet village a serpent sprang to life;

A serpent in a woman's form—the breeder of the strife.

She had a power none other had. The peasants to her bowed,

For she ruled the peasants' master; so she ruled the craven crowd.

To be the squire's bailiff, there came a stranger there—

A noble, handsome fellow, with the smile that good men wear;

And with his child—a legacy from her dead mother given—

Need I say this woman hated her as hell herself hates heaven?

Poor Jack! I think I see him now, just as I saw him then, his shoulder—a very king 'mongst men.

And when he went, worn, bent, and old, with not a friend to aid;

And she, youth gone from face and heart, although youth's morning stayed.

She had the gift, or curse of charm, and many in the place

Stretched out the hand of friendship for the sake of her bright face.

This woman saw it, and, as might as yet is always right.

The kindly smile turned to a frown, the wile come to a slight.

Then the squire saw Jack's daughter, and he spoke a gentle word:

May be some slumbering chord of good within a heart was stirred.

Then that woman, roused to fury, dragged her name through vice's mire,

And lies as base as she herself were carried to the squire.

So the girl another for had found—had two instead of one;

Two bitter foes, who would not rest until their work was done.

Her father was made miserable, slighted by those he knew,

And so, because his child was pure, poor Jack was tortured too.

He made a trouble of it; his yet black hair grey, grey,

And his form grew bent and weary 'neath the burden of the day.

He could not see another place, for he was dying fast,

And the woman saw the need she'd sown was bearing fruit at last.

And the squire wholly trusted her; believed the lies she told;

Poor fool! that saw the tinsel and not the sterling gold.

For, dizzied by sin's smiling, he was blind to virtue's stamp,

And took for lurid lights of vice the virgin's vestal lamp.

And so he turned Jack out to die just when he needed rest,

And Jack—his heart was broken—so may be it was best.

That he should seek a country where the Master there is just,

Where stricken hearts have right, and are not trampled in the dust.

Poor Jack!—yet can I say "Poor Jack" of one who ever kept

The boundary line 'twixt soul and vice, o'er which he never stepped?

Oh! rather say "Poor world!" that on the good can only frown,

But he has proved its conqueror, and wears the conqueror's crown.

And the squire—well, his ront roll's large and his possessions wide,

The country does him honour, and he has a fair young bride.

He scarcely ever thinks of one who he turned out to die,

But is he happy? Never; not if there's a God on high.

And that woman still looks youthful—in costly robes dressed;

Good women hold her hand and bid her welcome as a guest.

Her way is thornless, for the world gives flowers to such as she;

But is that woman happy? Look in her face and see.

THE HAMPSTEAD MURDERS.

INTERESTING EVIDENCE.

COMMITTEE OF THE ACCUSED.

Eleanor Wheeler, alias Mrs. Pearcey, was brought before Mr. Cooke, at the Marylebone Police Court on Tuesday, for the final stage of the preliminary investigation and commitment on the charge of the wilful murder of Mrs. Phoebe Hogg and her infant daughter, at 2, Priory-street, Hampstead, on the 24th ult. By the observance of suitable arrangements, the appointed officers prevented a large crowd in court, while those having business there were adequately accommodated. Outside there was a crowd, but public interest in the proceedings had sensibly diminished. A few ladies were present in court, and the prisoner evidently had some female friends in attendance. Mrs. Pearcey, as she is persistently referred to throughout, who had been brought from Holloway Gaol early in the morning, again showed an improvement on her previous appearance. She was perfectly composed, even while the medical witnesses were describing some of the more dreadful characteristics of the injuries inflicted upon the deceased woman. A female warden sat by the side of the dock. When the learned magistrate administered the usual caution, prisoner stood up, listened attentively, and, in a somewhat nervous tone, said she deserved her defence. On leaving the court she looked anxiously round, and beckoned for a friend—it was said her mother—to come and see her. Two fresh witnesses were called, whose testimony strengthened the chain of circumstantial evidence adduced by the police; and Dr. Bond and Mr. Pepper added some important particular to the depositions given by them before the coroner. Counsel appeared as before, Mr. C. F. Gill (instructed by the Treasury solicitors) conducting the prosecution; Mr. Grain watched the case on behalf of Mr. F. Hogg, the husband of the deceased, who was again present; and Mr. Freke Palmer, solicitor, represented the defence.

STATEMENT OF THE PRISONER.

Proceedings were opened by Mr. Gill calling Detective Edward Parsons, S Division, who detailed an important statement made to him by the accused before she was in custody. Parsons went to the house, No. 2, Priory-street, in company with Sergeant Nursey, and the discovery of the splashes of blood on the walls and ceiling of the kitchen led to Parsons being left to look after the prisoner, who was sitting in the front room. The subject of her statement to Nursey clapped up, and Parsons now informed the court in his evidence, which was listened to with great attention by the accused, that Mrs. Pearcey made the following declaration:—"I have not told a lie. I have not been asked that question. She did come here about six o'clock. She asked me to lend her 2s. and to mind the child. I told her that I could not lend her the money, as I had none, and could not mind the child, as I was going out. I told Clara of this, and she advised me to say nothing about it, as it would be such a disgrace if people thought Frank kept her short of money, subsequently adding, "I do not enjoy very good health. On Thursday night when I came home my nose bled violently." This was the principal part of the witness's evidence, and, having formally spoken of the articles collected for the microscopic examination of the doctors, Parsons gave place in the witness-box to Mrs. Emma Barraud, the landlady of the house, 141, Prince of Wales-road, where the Hogg resided. It was evident that the prisoner knew Mrs. Barraud, and was somewhat curious to ascertain why she was called. Mr. Gill soon made the purpose apparent. In the first place she proved that a fortnight before the murder, or the death of Mrs. Hogg (as Mr. Freke Palmer preferred it put), Mrs. Pearcey called at the door, and ultimately went into the deceased's room, remaining there for a short time. Mrs. Barraud also alluded to the day of the murder. Mr. Freke Palmer saw nothing in this evidence which required cross-examination.

THE CARMAN AND THE BASSINETTE.

The next witness was Mr. Charles Britt, a dapper little man of about 60 years of age, who had a singular story to tell, but which was ultimately found to be lacking in identification. He is a carman "on his own account," living at 200, Great College-street, Camden Town. His stables are in Priory-street, and he has to pass the house, No. 2, Priory-street, on his way from his residence to the stable. He distinctly recollects that on October 24th, whilst walking along Priory-street at half-past three in the afternoon, he had to get out into the road to pass a bassinette perambulator which a woman was holding across the pavement whilst she knocked at the door of No. 2. Counsel did not ask whether there was a child in the vehicle, but rather pressed the witness as to whether he knew what a bassinette perambulator was; whereupon Britt quickly responded, "To put babies in." Mr. Gill smilingly acquiesced in the sentiment, but appealed for a more definite description, to which the witness replied, "It had four wheels." Mr. Gill was quite satisfied. Britt added that he had a conversation with the woman who was holding the perambulator which a woman was holding across the pavement whilst she knocked at the door of No. 2. Counsel did not ask whether there was a child in the vehicle, but rather pressed the witness as to whether he knew what a bassinette perambulator was; whereupon Britt quickly responded, "To put babies in." Mr. Gill smilingly acquiesced in the sentiment, but appealed for a more definite description, to which the witness replied, "It had four wheels." Mr. Gill was quite satisfied. Britt added that he had a conversation with the woman who was holding the perambulator which a woman was holding across the pavement whilst she knocked at the door of No. 2. 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LAST WEEK'S ITEMS.

Mr. S. Allan died at West Brompton on the 15th inst. from burns sustained through an explosion of molten metal. Six others were severely burned.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attended a meet on the 15th at the residence of Col. Corkran, Sandringham. Among the guests were Lord and Lady Salisbury.

James and Richard Laidler were "drawing timber" at the Philadelphia Colliery, near Houghton-le-Spring on the 15th, when the roof fell in, causing the death of the former and seriously injuring the latter.

Owing to an accident at the Middleborough Corporation Gasworks, the town was practically in darkness on the 15th, the only light being a few oil lamps in the principal thoroughfares.

Kelly and Grady, convicted of taking part in a prize fight at Seacroft, near Leeds, having failed to find satisfactory securities, have been sent to gaol. Kelly for two months and Grady for one month.

Before a large audience at the Working Men's College, on the 15th inst., the Rev. W. Page Roberts delivered an interesting lecture on "Experiences in the Desert of Sinai and Arabia Petras." Mr. Lowe Dickinson K.A., presided.

During the football match, Darfield v. Hammersmith, at Acton, on the 15th inst., one of the players, named Burbridge, came into collision with another player and broke his leg just above the ankle.

The Liverpool steamer, Montmore, nineteen days out from Hamburg, bound for Boston, put into Queenstown on the 15th. She had got so far as Newfoundland, but was compelled to turn back on account of the terrible weather.

An inquest was held at Braxted, Essex, on the 15th inst. on the body of James Sampford, bricklayer, who was found shot through the head. He had been engaged to a young woman who is said to have behaved oddly towards him. The jury returned a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane.

At Chichester, on the 15th inst., Wm. Upton, a wealthy farmer, who had previously been fined £40 for neglecting to report an outbreak of scab among his sheep, was fined £100 for neglecting to apply proper remedies for the disease. It was statuted that he had made himself liable to penalties amounting to £2,740.

Wm. Gellier, Thomas and Mary Hill (husband and wife), and Elizabeth Hill all of Old Hill, have been committed for trial from that place, charged with stealing £400 belonging to Matthew Evans, a colliery engineer, who had saved the money out of his earnings, and had secreted it in his bedroom.

The well-known painter, John Lewis Brown, died in Paris on Saturday last.

The German Budget for 1891-92, will, it is stated include a demand for a loan of 65 million marks.

The wife of a labourer in Augsburg, named Johannes Allmann, gave birth on the 15th to a twenty-second child, all the births have been single, and thirteen of the children are still living.

A meeting of over-worked clerks was held in Berlin on the 15th, at which a resolution was passed by which the discontented employees place themselves under the tutelage of the socialists.

The murderer, Schuster, begged as a last act of grace before being executed with the sword at Bartenstein, in East Prussia, on the 15th inst., to be allowed to sing a couplet. The desired permission was granted, and the condemned man continued singing until his head was severed from his body.

Upwards of 2,000 persons witnessed a prize fight at the Olympic Theatre, St. Paul's, between Mike Fitzgerald, champion middle-weight of Michigan, and Joe Sheedy, of Harley, Wisconsin, for 500 dols. a side. The fight continued until Sheedy brought Fitzgerald to a standstill at the eighth round.

A police inspector at Nice recently attempted to take a woman named Clotilde Ballan, who lived as the wife of a croupier, to the police court in order to register her as an unfortunate. The woman however drew a revolver and shot herself in the breast.

At Bow-street Police Court on the 15th the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry and Sir A. Rollit, were among those who were summoned for allowing their dogs at large in the public thoroughfares without muzzles. Fines of 10s. and costs, and 2s. 6d. respectively were imposed.

While the Lambeth Friendly and Lambeth Melrose Football Clubs were playing on a friendly match in the bishop's grounds on the 15th inst., Mr. H. Wormald, of the Lambeth Melrose, who was playing back, collided with two of the opposite side, and sustained serious injuries to his right thigh.

Joseph Shirry, of Manor-road, Walthamstow, was fined 10s. and costs, at Guildhall for causing a horse to be worked in an unquiet state. His son was the driver, but he was discharged.

Julius Morgan, commercial traveller, was at Croydon fined 20s. and costs for cruelty to a horse by working it in an unquiet state. The accused was driving a two-horse van belonging to the A 1 Biscuit Company of Deneham Hill, and one of the animals was found to have a large sore on one of its shodules.

Elizabeth Adams, 37, and Emma Kelly, 40, have been sentenced to twenty-one days each at the West Ham Police Court for stealing a suit of clothes from the shop of Edwin Drake, Victoria Dock-road.

A fine of 10s. and costs has been imposed upon George Kathbone, at Woolwich, for keeping on his premises, 85, High-street, Eltham, 50lb. of fireworks in excess of the quantity allowed by the Explosives Act.

David Noshit, 63, a carpenter, late of Mile End-road, while at work at the People's Palace, suddenly fell, and on a doctor being called life was found to be extinct.

Tolay Turner, 28, a beer and wine retailer, of High-street, Shadwell, was suddenly taken ill while in bed, and died before the arrival of a surgeon.

William Francis Thomas, 3 years and 10 months, the son of a dock labourer, of Ball's Buildings, Ratcliffe, was playing in the street, when his mother called him, and in crossing the road he was knocked down and run over by a passing van. When taken to the Shadwell Hospital he was found to be dead.

At Lambeth Police Court, on the 15th inst., Arthur Sommers, 17, a steward, living at Worlingham, was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court, charged with an indecent assault on Susannah Parker Scarle, a child of 10. It was stated that the accused had assaulted the child on several occasions. At the same court George Wilson, porter, was committed to the sessions for trial on a similar charge, but of a less aggravated nature.

DR. DE JONCH'S LIVER-BROWN COD LIVER OIL.—Its USE IN CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Sinclair, Physician to the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, has practised extensively prescribed the Cod Liver Oil of Dr. de Jonch, from a large and intimate experience of the use of this oil, ingeniously landed on account of its peculiar tastelessness and lightness of colour. Dr. de Jonch has had, in the course of his practice, a large number of cases of consumption, and has been successful in instituting a more extensive and systematical comparison, and has convinced himself that the Cod Liver Oil of Dr. de Jonch is far superior to any other, and the results are gratifying.

DR. DE JONCH'S COD LIVER OIL is now manufactured by the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, in a large quantity, and is now to be had in all the principal druggists' shops.

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THE "PEOPLES' SERPENT FUND."

In compliance with numerous requests, we propose to establish a "People's Serpent Fund," for the relief of the great mass of undeserved suffering caused by the late terrible shipwreck. The gallant men who faced certain death so bravely deserved well of their fellow-countrymen, and the duty rests on one and all to contribute, in however small a measure, to help those who have been deprived of their bread-winners. The smallest subscriptions will be received as thankfully by us as the largest; our main object in starting this supplementary fund is to prove that the poorer classes of the community are not behind those richer sections to whom the Mansion House Fund mainly addresses itself in feeling for their fellow-creatures. Letters enclosing donations should be addressed to the Editor, and be inscribed outside, "Serpent Fund," or subscriptions may be paid into the office. Acknowledgment will be made in our columns in the issue subsequent to receipt, and should any remittance fail to be noticed, its sender will do us a great favour by at once communicating with the Editor. We feel confident that this appeal will be generously responded to by our readers, each according to his or her means. The proceeds will be eventually handed over to the Mansion House Fund, which is working in co-operation with that started at Devonport. It affords us much pleasure to head the list with a donation of £20.

THE EXECUTION OF THREE INNOCENT MEN.

A short time ago a statement went through the press that General Gourko had had shot, for the murder of a sergeant, three volunteers, who, as it turned out later, were innocent. The *Kreisszeitung* now gives the following particulars of the matter. Three volunteers—one of them being the only son of the Moscow-merchant and millionaire, Perloff—were on their way back to the barracks, heated with wine, when they were seen by a policeman, who told them to be less noisy. Perloff struck the policeman twice with such force in the face that he dropped bleeding to the ground. The young people were immediately marched off to the police office, and thence to the Warsaw chief of gendarmes, Baron von Fridericks. On the young men begging the baron not to make the affair public he declared himself agreeable, on condition that the policeman should be indemnified. The policeman agreed, and the matter was arranged. The young men hurried to the barracks, where an hour before the murder had been discovered of a sergeant, who was well known in the regiment for his severity. When the three volunteers came upon the scene, their excited appearance and the smell of wine upon them aroused suspicion, which was strengthened by the discovery of blood spots on Perloff's shirt-sleeve. All three were arrested. Next morning General Gourko gave orders for them to be handed over to a court-martial. It is the custom for the governor-general in such cases to telegraph immediately to St. Petersburg to the Minister of War, who at once pronounces sentence, so that the court-martial is nothing less than a mockery. Such was the case this time, and General Gourko received the answer, "Shoot all three." In the meantime, M. Perloff, son, who had been informed of the master by his son, telegraphed from Moscow to General Gourko, begging him to postpone the court-martial for a few days, and declared himself ready to send a million roubles as bail. General Gourko paid no attention to the telegram, only remarking that Perloff was a fool. At the trial it was proved that at the time of the murder the young men were in a restaurant, but their presence there was used against them by the prosecutor, who argued that they must have gone there to supply themselves with courage. When the policeman was examined he declared that no one had struck him, but that he had received his still-bloody wound by a fall while

RUNNING AFTER A THIEF.

Perloff denied this, begged them to send for Baron von Fridericks, who knew how the policeman had received his wound. Baron von Fridericks was at once sent for, but the messenger brought an answer that the baron had left Warsaw for a few days on business. The sentence of death was then passed on the three. Some hours after this the sentence was confirmed by General Gourko, and the execution fixed for next morning. A priest was sent to the condemned men, who received the sacrament. From the prison the priest drove direct to General Gourko. "Your excellency," he said, "I have just given the condemned men the last sacrament, and as their priest I consider it my sacred duty to express my full conviction that they are dying innocent." General Gourko answered, "It is not your business to decide who is innocent and who is guilty," and turned on his heel and left him. Next morning the three young men were led out and shot. While the impressions caused by the sad incident were still fresh in the minds of those present at the execution, one of the common soldiers, a smith, confessed that he had murdered the sergeant. General Gourko on hearing this became faint. The father of Perloff in the meanwhile heard of the death of his only son, and, driven to desperation, he wrote a detailed letter to the Czar. The impression which this letter made upon the Czar, and especially on the Czarina, was an indescribably deep one. "By whom am I surrounded?" said the Czar to Count Vorontsov Dashkov and to General Tscherevkin. "What are you? And is it not your direct duty to acquaint me with all important matters; or do you perhaps wish to state that you know nothing about it?" The Czar at once wrote an autograph letter to M. Perloff expressing his deep regret at the sorrowful event. The impression which this letter produced on the rich Moscow merchants, however, was not so great as expected, as M. Perloff is among the leading men of Moscow, so that great excitement prevails there. The empress lays the whole blame upon the Minister of War, and at the Russian Court it is believed that were the Grand Duke Vladimir at St. Petersburg, he would obtain the Minister's dismissal. The Czar wrote a full account of the matter to the grand duke.

THE QUEEN'S WATCH.

After the arrival of the Queen at Windsor Castle on Thursday morning, it was ascertained that her Majesty's watch had been accidentally left in the train. When the loss was discovered the special North-western train had quitted Windsor, and a message was accordingly despatched to the Queen, with the result that the watch was found in the sleeping-saloon which the Queen and Princess Matilda had occupied during their journey from Balaclava. It was promptly forwarded to her Majesty by special messengers.

THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE.

JANE BANNISTER'S EVIDENCE.

On the Parnell divorce case being resumed on Monday, Jane Bannister, said: I went into the service of Captain O'Shea, at Womersley Lodge, Eltham, in October, 1880, and remained in the service till 1882. I saw Mr. Parnell at Eltham in November or December of 1880. In the early part of 1881 Mrs. O'Shea went to Brighton. I believe Captain O'Shea was at Womersley Lodge when Mr. Parnell first came there. I went to Brighton in 1881. Mrs. O'Shea followed about a week later. I returned to Womersley Lodge in May, 1881. The time Mr. Parnell was at Womersley Lodge a great deal. What room did he occupy when he slept there? The end room, near the stairs. Is that the spare room? No. Was there between that room and Mrs. O'Shea's a dressing-room? Yes. And were there two doors in the dressing-room connecting it with the two rooms, so that there was no need to go out on the landing? Yes. Was Mr. Parnell there when Captain O'Shea was away? Yes, very often. Occupying the bed-room? Yes. Was there a room downstairs known as Mrs. O'Shea's room? Only the drawing-room. Was that the room to which there was a conservatory? No, the smoking-room. Used Mr. Parnell to be there much during the day? Yes, and during the time Parliament was sitting he did not go out till it was time to go to the House of Commons. Where would he be? In the drawing-room, after he had had breakfast. Have you known him to be with Mrs. O'Shea in a room with the door locked? Only on one occasion, to notice it. On that occasion what happened? I did not take much notice; but Mrs. O'Shea told me a secret society was about, and it was necessary to have the door locked. (Laughter). His Lordship: Do you mean the door of the house? Witness: No; the door of the drawing-room. Examination continued: Mr. Parnell used to return from the House of Commons about half-past one. On one occasion Mrs. O'Shea and Mr. Parnell came home together, and had to

know of Mr. Parnell being brought at night from the station sometimes? Sometimes. Did you go down to Eastbourne? Yes. And helped to attend to the house? Yes. Did you see Mr. Parnell down there? Yes. Did you go to No. 2, St. John's-road? Sometimes. Was Mr. Parnell there? I never saw him there. Thomas Kennett, a private in the service of Mrs. O'Shea as page at No. 2, St. John's-road, Eastbourne. He was in her service altogether about three years, of which period nineteen weeks were spent

AT EASTBOURNE.

Mr. Parnell used to sleep sometimes at No. 2, St. John's-road. Constantly? He used to sleep there for about a week, and then go away—And then come back again? Yes. Very well. Did he go away on an afternoon occasionally? Yes, I have known him do that. And how about him coming back at night? He used to be late. When you say late, what do you mean? About twelve o'clock. Did Mrs. O'Shea go away at all during that time? Yes. Did they ever come back together? I cannot say, sir. Do you remember having a telegram given you in an envelope? Yes. Who gave it to you? Mrs. O'Shea. What did she tell you to do with it? To take it to Brighton. And send it from Brighton? Yes. Did you do so? Yes. I suppose you do not remember who it was addressed to? No; I did not see the telegram. Did you go back to Eastbourne by the next train and report that you had sent it? Yes. Samuel Luck, builder, of 3, St. John's-road, Eastbourne, deposed that he was the owner of No. 2 in the same road. In May, 1886, a gentleman came and asked to look at No. 2, saying he would bring a lady with him, which he subsequently did. He was under the impression that they were staying at the Queen's Hotel. They gave no name. After going over the house they agreed to take it at ten guineas a week for eight weeks. Witness drew up the agreement, and the lady signed it. "Katie O'Shea's." The rent was subsequently paid by cheques bearing the same signature. They remained nineteen weeks, although the house had originally been taken for eight weeks only. Did you come to know while they were in your house who the gentleman was? I was not introduced to him, but rumour said who he was, and I understood who he was. Did you understand that it was Mr. Parnell? Yes. Were there some servants, two young ladies, and a young gentleman with them? Yes. Were there any gentlemen there besides the one you saw who came with Mrs. O'Shea? I believe there were at times, but I was out all day and could not say much as to that. Samuel Drury, a cab proprietor at Eastbourne, proved that he had several times driven Mr. Parnell from 2, St. John's-road to the railway station. He had also driven Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea together to Folgate Junction and other places, one occasion being when he fetched them from the train arriving shortly before midnight. Ernest Vinall, house agent and surveyor at Eastbourne, proved receiving a letter as to

BUTTER OR THE SCHOOL-ROOM DOOR.

which was locked, in order to get into the house. Mrs. O'Shea rang the bell, I suppose in order to let the servants know that she had come home. Ordinarily Mrs. O'Shea used to go to bed between nine and ten o'clock at night. Did you have to sit up for Mr. Parnell? Sometimes. When Mr. Parnell came home? Did Mrs. O'Shea come downstairs again? Yes. And join him? Yes. Then did you go to bed? Yes, after I had had my supper. Did that happen frequently? Every night when he came home? Did you sometimes take letters from Mrs. O'Shea addressed to Mr. Parnell? Yes. I remained at Eltham till October, 1882. I think Mr. Parnell was there a good deal between May and October of that year. Captain O'Shea came down on Sundays sometimes, but not very often. Were you told by Mrs. O'Shea what to say with regard to Mr. Parnell being in the house? Yes; she told me that if anybody asked whether Mr. Parnell was in the house I was to say "No." Jane Chapman: I was in the employ of Mrs. O'Shea in July and August, 1883, at Womersley Lodge, Eltham, as a waitress. Captain O'Shea was not living in the house at the time. Mr. Parnell was often there. Mrs. O'Shea had a private room, which led into the conservatory. Did Mr. Parnell use that room? Yes; constantly. Have you known the door of the room to be locked when Mrs. O'Shea and Mr. Parnell were together in the room? Yes. Mrs. O'Shea has sometimes unlocked the door and given me a message. Did Mrs. O'Shea and Mr. Parnell walk about the park together? They used to go out together, but I could not say they were in the park together. They were out together every day. Have you known them out

LATE AT NIGHT?

Yes, very often. Did Mrs. O'Shea go away at night while you were there? The family all went away to the seaside, but she was not away at night during the time I was there. After Mrs. O'Shea went to the seaside what happened with regard to Mr. Parnell? Mr. Parnell went to Ireland. Do you remember that Perloff was a fool. At the trial it was proved that at the time of the murder the young men were in a restaurant, but their presence there was used against them by the prosecutor, who argued that they must have gone there to supply themselves with courage. When the policeman was examined he declared that no one had struck him, but that he had received his still-bloody wound by a fall while

THE ACCIDENT.

On the evening of May 21st, 1886, did you catch Mr. Parnell from the railway station? Yes. Now Eltham Station. And drive him to Womersley Lodge? Yes. Did you have a slight accident? Yes. We collided with a florist's van from Sidcup. The brougham was slightly damaged. Shortly after the accident I found that the three horses were still fresh in the minds of those present at the execution, one of the common soldiers, a smith, confessed that he had murdered the sergeant. General Gourko on hearing this became faint. The father of Perloff in the meanwhile heard of the death of his only son, and, driven to desperation, he wrote a detailed letter to the Czar. The impression which this letter made upon the Czar, and especially on the Czarina, was an indescribably deep one. "By whom am I surrounded?" said the Czar to Count Vorontsov Dashkov and to General Tscherevkin. "What are you? And is it not your direct duty to acquaint me with all important matters; or do you perhaps wish to state that you know nothing about it?" The Czar at once wrote an autograph letter to M. Perloff expressing his deep regret at the sorrowful event. The impression which this letter produced on the rich Moscow merchants, however, was not so great as expected, as M. Perloff is among the leading men of Moscow, so that great excitement prevails there. The empress lays the whole blame upon the Minister of War, and at the Russian Court it is believed that were the Grand Duke Vladimir at St. Petersburg, he would obtain the Minister's dismissal. The Czar wrote a full account of the matter to the grand duke.

THE WALKING OUT TOGETHER.

How long were you down at Eastbourne? About a month. Was a lad named Kennett employed as page there? Yes. Did you ever see any other gentleman about with Mrs. O'Shea during that time? No. Thomas Partridge, son-in-law of the last witness, said he was eighteen months at Womersley Lodge, Brockley, in 1886. Her husband was first telegraphed for to go there to meet Mr. Preston in regard to his situation as footman. He was engaged in that capacity, and subsequently received a telegram from Mr. Preston to this effect: "My sister will see you at Cannon-street Station between three and four." Witness met the lady, who eventually engaged her as housekeeper. Showed a photograph of Mrs. O'Shea, witness described as Mr. Preston's sister, though it was described as Mrs. Steel's. Having said this much, I think we need do no more than simply ask you to

The Judge: Is it the lady or not?—Witness: I could almost positively say

IT WAS THE LADY.

but I should not like to take my oath about it. The lady came frequently to the house and met "Mr. Preston" there, but did not stay to sleep. She recognised the photograph of Mr. Parnell as that of "Mr. Preston." This closed the case for the petitioner. Mrs. Hannah Caroline Steel, sister of the respondent, was called and examined by Mr. M'Call. She denied emphatically that there was one word of truth in the allegation that she had at any time committed adultery with the petitioner. A juror suggested that the petitioner should be cross-examined. (A laugh.)—The Judge: There is no counsel here to cross-examine him. The Solicitor-general: The petitioner has given a denial on oath.—The Juror: My lord, are we asked to decide on the question of neglect, because I should like to ask particularly some questions with respect to the charge of neglect.—The Judge: You hear, Mr. Solicitor, what this is.—The Solicitor-general: Yes, I do, my lord.—The Judge: I will state at once what I had thought of doing before this intervention. I had thought of leaving the whole of the issues to the jury, I do not know but that the more strict and regular course would be for me to put one or two issues to them, and direct them that there is no evidence in support of others; but I am not quite sure, on this particular charge of neglect, whether I could do that.—The Solicitor-general: My lord, I should like very much to recall Captain O'Shea, with your lordship's permission, to put a few questions to him myself, and the juror can then ask him any questions.—Captain O'Shea then entered the box, and was further examined by the Solicitor-general. Captain O'Shea, you have told us in your previous examination that you were living at Albert Mansions while your wife was living at Womersley Lodge? Yes.—Was that arrangement at your wife's desire and her aunt's wish? Certainly.—During the whole time down to your actual discovery of your wife's unfaithfulness had you been living on perfectly friendly and affectionate terms with her? Perfectly.—I think you have produced

A LADY'S NUMBER OF LETTERS,

some of which have been read, that passed

between you and your wife; and your wife, I

believe, has produced some hundreds of

letters? Yes.—Mr. Inderwick: Eight hundred.

—Were you in constant communication with Mrs. O'Shea? Yes, constant communication.

—You used to go down to Eltham on Sunday? Yes, and often besides.—Did Mrs. O'Shea and her daughter come up to Albert Mansions? Constantly.—Among these letters there are numbers of telegrams from Mrs. O'Shea about her coming and visiting you and dining with you and all the rest of it? A number—is there any pretence for saying that you ever neglected your wife or treated her with unkindness? (Emphatically) Never. I never was away from my wife for a week, not only without her consent, but without her approval.—A Juror: I should like to ask you whether, as you were responsible for the maintenance of your family, you visited them and saw that they were well educated, and so on?—Witness: Certainly.—How do you account for your constant absence, when Albert Mansions was only an hour from Womersley Lodge? I say I was constantly there until the time I got into Parliament.—What do you mean by constantly? Do you mean you returned to your family every night? I do not. I say I was in Parliament. There was never a pretence in fact, the Solicitor-general has plenty of proof in my diaries—as to my not being with my kind husband and kind father. The diaries are put in, and should be enough to satisfy everybody.—How do you account for your conduct, after having challenged Mr. Parnell, in inviting him to dinner? I did not. The dinner you refer to was before that.—From your evidence you had him to dinner? Certainly; because it was made perfectly clear to me that at that time there was no ground for my suspicions.—Did you often meet Mr. Parnell at other times in London, and did he say to you, "I was down at your house last night?" Never.—I suppose there are hundreds of other letters that passed between your wife and yourself in relation to money matters that have not been produced in court? 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LAST WEEK'S POLICE.

Bow-street.

THEATRE THIEF.—Thomas Bamford, aged 62, was charged with being a suspicious person.—P.C. Tupper, 235 E, said that on the 14th inst. he was outside the Lyceum Theatre in plain clothes, when he saw the prisoner pushing about amongst the people as they were leaving the theatre. The prisoner entered the vestibule, and witness, with another constable, followed him. They saw him put his hand into the pockets of several ladies, and they took him into custody. They had seen him at the same place on the previous evening in the company of two females.—P.C. Calligan corroborated.—In answer to Mr. Vaughan, the prisoner said he was drunk, and did not know what he was doing.—Mr. Vaughan said: "The only excuse you make for your conduct does not avail you, as from the evidence of the constable it is clear you were perfectly sober. I have no doubt you frequent the Lyceum for the purpose of committing a felony. You must go to prison for three months."

Westminster.

A NEGLECTED YOUTH.—John Malpas, 9, was charged on remand with breaking into a room at 1, St. Edmund's Hill, Westminster, and stealing a watch-chain, opera glasses, &c., and money belonging to David Daykin, a coal-porter.—Prosecutor went out to work, looking up room, and prisoner, who was a playmate of his children, broke a cracked panel out of the door and then ransacked a chest of drawers. Some of the things he stole he gave to other children, but a sovereign which was part of the money taken the prosecutor failed to recover.—Mr. Lawrence, the Industrial School Board officer, said the boy had been utterly neglected by his father, and was out at night sleeping in trucks and doorways until a respectable couple, who got a living as costermongers, took him and kept him out of compassion.—The father of the child, a painter out of employment, said the boy had run away and he had been to the police stations many times to inquire about him.—The boy was sent back to the workhouse for a week.

Thames.

CAPTURE OF BETTING MAN.—Francis Walton, smith of Hairs-street, Poplar; John Turner, general dealer of Strodbond-street, Cubitt Town; and Andrew Miller, fishmonger of Strodbond-street, Cubitt Town, were charged with causing an obstruction by betting.—Constable Kennedy stated that he saw the prisoners together in Manchester-road, and arrested Walton, upon whom he found £32 10s. in gold, £1 2s. in silver, together with several memoranda relating to betting.—Constable Bingley deposed he saw Miller receive a sum of £10 of paper. On him was found twenty slips referring to horse-racing, £67 in gold, and £1 2s. in silver.—Constable Matthews proved apprehending Turner, and witness saw him drop a paper relating to betting.—Mr. Dickinson fined Walton £2; Turner, £2; and Miller, 4s.

Worship-street.

He WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.—John Spellar, 19, who said he was a club steward, living in Roman-road, Barnsbury, was charged with having stolen a suit of clothes, a pair of boots, a hat, and a sum of about £2 10s., the property of James Bedford. There was a second charge of stealing an overcoat, the property of William Fulcher.—The evidence showed that the last-named kept a coffee-shop and boarding-house at Old-street, St. Luke's, the prosecutor, Bedford, being a lodger. A man, whom he said was the prisoner, recently took a lodging in the house, and on the morning of the 14th was absent, Bedford's clothes and money gone, and a new overcoat from another bed-room also abstracted. On the Friday following prisoner was arrested from description in music hall at Islington, but denied being the person wanted. Before the magistrate he repeated his denial, and notwithstanding that the prosecutor, Fulcher, identified the overcoat the prisoner was wearing as the one stolen, Bedford similarly claiming the boots and vest found on the prisoner, he continued to assert he was not the man.—A remand was allowed.

Marylebone.

A BARKER'S BABY.—Henry Oldrey, of 8, Castleman Cottages, Hammersmith, appeared to answer a summons to show cause why he should not be adjudged the father of the child of Emily Tomlin, of 40, Kenos-road, North Kensington.—The complainant, a good-looking girl of 19, said she was confined of a female child on the 5th of September last, and the defendant was the father. She was an orphan, and lived with her brothers. The house she lived in had belonged to the defendant's partner, and in the year 1888 complainant arranged with her landlord that she was to pay weekly instead of quarterly. The defendant consequently called every Monday to collect the rent. In the December of 1888, Mr. Oldrey seduced her, and the intimacy continued for some time. She told the defendant, who is 26 years of age, of her condition and promised to take care of her and the child. She had been told that the defendant got married in the September of last year, but she did not know it until last June. The learned counsel then read a well-argued letter which the complainant sent to the defendant, in which she told him she was a prudent girl until she knew him. She had joked with other young men, but none had ever insulted her. The parish authorities, to whom she had been bound to go for help, were wanting to know the name of the father of the child, but up to then she had shielded him on account of his being a married man. She hoped he would do something for the child, if it was no use his denying it, for the child was too much like him. (Laughter.) She expressed her sorrow for his young wife. She (complainant) had borne all the disgrace, and whatever might be done now could not be worse. She was now ruined and nothing could be harder for her to bear. To that letter the defendant replied characterising her letter to him as a libel, and added that he had sent it to his solicitor. She replied that he had offered to keep her and pay her rent.—Cross-examined: She had been to defendant's house and told his wife all about it.—Did you not go to his office? Yes.—And did not you leave the baby there? I did, of course.—And a policeman took you into custody? Well, I suppose so; but they could not do anything with me because I had not deserted the child.—Corroborative evidence having been given, the magistrate made an order for 3s. a week, with 3s. costs.—Mr. Ticek for the defendant said he did not know whether it would make any difference, but the defendant was a bankrupt.—The Magistrate: With that I have nothing to do; I have made my order.

Southwark.

GIRL AND PINE FRIENDSHIP.—Daniel Helland, of 8, Suffolk-place, Borough, appeared to a summons to show cause why he should not contribute towards the support of a child of Bridget Murray, a single woman.—The complainant stated that she was confined on the 11th of November, 1889, of a female child, of which the defendant was the father. She gave her as, towards the expenses of the confinement.—Mr. Bordman, for the defence: Was not the child born on the 11th of October?—Complainant: Now, look here, master, I have had this very young man up to answer for himself, and I think you have no right to say anything. What's it to do with me?—Mr. Helland: I am here to appear for him.—Complainant: He's got me into trouble, and I am sure he can answer for himself. He is big enough and ugly enough. He gave me 4s. and 10s., and 3s. and 10s. Mrs. A. Lannigan stated the complainant was her sister. On the 12th of November last year the defendant came to see her sister, the second day after her confinement, and asked her what she was going to have to drink. He then gave witness half-a-crown to fetch some gin.—Mr. Kennedy: Did she drink any?—Witness: Oh, yes, rather. I fetched a half-gallon of Charles Howland, 4s, of Devonshire-street, Lissom Grove.—Deceased, who had followed no regular employment for some time past, was, it was said, formerly in good circumstances, but had met with misfortune. His brother, an officer in the Army, stationed at Dublin, had allowed him £1 a month, but recently circumstances necessitated his withdrawing that allowance, and this caused the deceased to become very depressed. He had recently hinted at suicide. On the 12th his dead body was picked out of the Grand Junction Canal, near the Harrow-road. The deceased lately received the following letter, dated from Dublin, from his brother:—"My dear brother—Enclose cheque for £1, and am sorry to inform you that I am compelled to retire from the service on account of ill health, and shall not be able to continue sending you the £1 monthly. The doctor says I must take care of myself, as I have a tumour. My oldest niece died on the 7th of last month of typhoid fever, after five weeks' illness. She was such a dear girl, nearly 18 years of age. She was so very simple and innocent as a baby. I missed her very much, and must say, 'God's will be done.' I feel sure you will not forget to pray that I may be quickly restored to health.—Your dear brother, H. H. T."—The jury returned a verdict of found drowned.

Lambeth.
SHAMEFUL DESERTION OF A WIFE AND CHILDREN.—John Henry Bird, 31, commercial traveller, was summoned for neglecting to maintain his wife and five children, where they had become chargeable to the parish of Camberwell.—Mr. Holt, one of the reviewing officers, stated that he went to the house where the wife and children were staying and found them in a destitute condition. The children had scarcely any clothing, and there was but little bedding for them. The prisoner was in good employment, and the officer added that it no doubt was one of those cases in which the man had given way to drink. The wife was also found to be a hard-working and respectable person.—In defence, the prisoner denied the desertion, and added that his wife might have gone to her mother for support.—Mr. Broome sentenced him to one month's hard labour.

Clerkenwell.

AN ITALIAN QUARREL.—Romeo Depremio, an Italian, was charged with threatening to murder Paolo Fusculo.—The prosecutor, of the same nationality as the prisoner, said that they both lived at Eyre-street Hill. He (prosecutor) worked as a shoemaker, and about a fortnight ago the prisoner, in his shop, threatened to shoot him. There was a woman in the matter, and witness understood that the prisoner was jealous. Since then he had heard that the prisoner had been seen with a revolver. On the 14th inst. he met the prisoner as he was walking home, and said, "Good evening, my friend; let us go and have a glass together." The prisoner walked with him, and as they walked he (prosecutor) said, "About that little matter of killing me, I let it drop." The prisoner fiercely replied, "Yes!" and pulled out a revolver. He (prosecutor) then ran into a public-house and remained for some time. On leaving the house with some of his countrymen, he again met the prisoner, who threatened to shoot him.—The magistrate ordered the prisoner to find bail in £400 for six months, and this not being provided he was locked up.

West London.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT.—Richard Gordon Sanders, 19, stationer's assistant, living in Camden Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, was charged with assaulting Ada Jones, a servant at Embroidery-square, Notting Hill.—The young woman stated that on the 29th ult. he stood in the gate and behaved in an outrageous manner. She turned away and went inside the house. He repeated the offence on a young lady. On the following day she met him in Camden Gardens, and he again insulted her.—The prisoner, in reply to the magistrate, said he was very sorry for what he had done.—Mr. Curtis Bennett committed him for three months' hard labour.

Wandsworth.

ATTEMPTED HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—John Grant, a labourer, was charged with assaulting Elizabeth Stratford, and attempting to rob her of her purse.—The prosecutor said on the 14th inst. she was walking through Battersea Park, on her way home, and took the keys and purse out of her pocket to get to her handkerchief. While holding the purse in her hand the prisoner came up behind her and struck her a blow in the face, making an attempt to snatch the purse. She screamed, and he made off. The park-keeper followed and secured him.—The prisoner, who made no defence, was remanded for inquiry.

Woolwich.

A MADMAN ATTACKING A MAIL VAN.—Charles Street, 45, labourer, High-street, East Ham, was charged with being drunk and disorderly.—P.C. Davis, 19, R, said that at 3.30 a.m. on the 15th inst., between Lee and Eltham, he heard a call, and on going to the spot found that the prisoner had sprung up on a mail van, driven by four horses, on its way with the mails from London to Chatham. The mail driver was presenting a loaded revolver at the prisoner's head. He pulled the prisoner down, and found him drunk and strange in his manner.—Mr. Marsham asked the prisoner where he slept, and received the reply that he came out of hell that morning. His clothes were all splashed with mud, received in running by the side of the van in his endeavour to get up.—Mr. Marsham remanded the prisoner.

INQUESTS.

SHOCKING DEATH IN SPITALFIELDS.—Mr. Wynne E. Baxter held an inquiry at the London Hospital into the circumstances attending the death of James Phillips, 63, a packer, late of Turin-street, Bethnal Green.—John Collins, a porter, of 49, Old Gun-street, E., deposed that on the 13th inst. he was outside the Ten Bells, in Commercial-street, when he saw a covered van coming along Church-street. He also saw deceased stepping off the kerb; the horses knocked him down, and the front wheels skidded the deceased and carried him about thirty or forty yards. The driver tried to pull up, but could not do so. Witness assisted to pick the deceased up when the van did stop, and he (deceased) was then nearly dead.—Dr. Gerald Wellsford, house-surgeon, deposed that deceased was quite dead when brought to the hospital. The post mortem examination showed that he was skinning, injured, six ribs being fractured on the right side and five on the left. The liver spleen and kidneys were all ruptured, and death was due to these injuries.—John Stevens, a salesman, 47, Old Nichol-street, and other witnesses having deposed that the driver shouted but could not stop the horses, and that the driver was sober and the horses

were frightened by the people shooting, the jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

AN ASSAULT ON FOULKS.—Dr. Diplock held an inquest at Kensington, on the body of Charles Howland, 4s, of Devonshire-street, Lissom Grove.—Deceased, who had followed no regular employment for some time past, was, it was said, formerly in good circumstances, but had met with misfortune. His brother, an officer in the Army, stationed at Dublin, had allowed him £1 a month, but recently circumstances necessitated his withdrawing that allowance, and this caused the deceased to become very depressed. He had recently hinted at suicide. On the 12th his dead body was picked out of the Grand Junction Canal, near the Harrow-road. The deceased lately received the following letter, dated from Dublin, from his brother:—"My dear brother—Enclose cheque for £1, and am sorry to inform you that I am compelled to retire from the service on account of ill health, and shall not be able to continue sending you the £1 monthly. The doctor says I must take care of myself, as I have a tumour. My oldest niece died on the 7th of last month of typhoid fever, after five weeks' illness. She was such a dear girl, nearly 18 years of age. She was so very simple and innocent as a baby. I missed her very much, and must say, 'God's will be done.' I feel sure you will not forget to pray that I may be quickly restored to health.—Your dear brother, H. H. T."—The jury returned a verdict of found drowned.

THE STANLEY-BARTLELOT CONTROVERSY.

The charge brought by Mr. Henry Stanley against officers of his rear guard continues to excite comment in all parts of the world, more especially in America and this country.

The portraits which we give of those who have been principally associated with the controversy are taken by permission from the book, "Stanley's Rear Column," published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Lieutenant Troup is now on his way to England to quiet the people, and asked them to keep in their houses, but the excitement had become general and the stampede had commenced. From the screaming and noise from 600 or 700 people, and knowing that the whole of these people were cannibals, I concluded that a general massacre had begun.

On the 26th July I discovered the man's name who shot the major was Sanga.

He was with another headman, N'Humbi, but

they had a row and separated.

Sanga is

an old

man,

and

he

was

shot

in

the

head.

He

"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

" has joined the Dillon and " We will also join in the
ty-four hours a man, even if he
will drink in 10,000 quarts
to contradict this is very poor
rarely if he happens to be
of New York, is the first who
d twice in succession for the
rk a cheese has been made
It takes the biscuit—that
McGinty." In accordance
McKinley has been re-
by the Democrats.

are fetching the dollars
it's, but then Stanley haan,
so many farewell visits
of work in connection with
audited Ladies' Fund will be
Audley-street, from the
pundits held at Benares, it
resolved to petition the
any interference with the
laws and customs.

slightly below its average
be it. The 1,700 deaths re-
week were 37 above, and the
may be 48 below the average.
ity, by the final vote in con-
sisted of, to admit women to the
died in examinations.

retains its bed pre-eminence as
of English towns, with a
last week of 311, or rather
50 per cent. higher than the

ville describes the "House of
kind of stage-box, where the
advantages for watching
the game played in the house

mortality in London last
seems. The Registrar-general
warns us that the deaths of sixteen
one year was caused by suffoca-

while continuing to describe a
articles as "free" in her tariff,
lery a considerable duty on them
headings of "porterage," or of
repairs.

a law has just been passed pro-
that the "dockers" will strike
curtailment of the privileges of
old custom of crying out "All's
the night watches at sea is still
in spite of the plaintive walls of
on which emanate from indisposed

American physician who claims to have
scurf for consumption before
an doctor can prove his words. Possibly his
all dead.

is to have a big brewery show
But the fact that entries have to
to "Bestareal for Industri-
" Gothenburg, will, perhaps,
any brewer whose time is valuable.

number of the soldiers of the

Prussian Army Corps who suffered
broke between March and October,
two-ton of whom died. Forty-

four occurred in August and Septem-
ber.

Mr. Henrion Heaton messages
to £1,000 are frequently sent to
and one cable recently cost as much

The sender of the latter must
have been deficient in the art of

to the Photographic News there
of a projected union of photo-
after the fusion of the Salt and
Unions. The statement is not pos-
sible to say, we may get a "negative"

Portland, Me., to Buffalo, N.Y., is
at distance over which conversation
is daily maintained. What a
sense of safety there must be in
your mother-in-law or your tailor

of mine.

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of mine.

then police have seized a large
of cartridges destined for Crete.
refugees complain that the pledges it gave

the general election; but in other
the action of the police is warmly

Mr. Andrew Cohen, a prominent
field magistrate, and Conservative,
from heart disease, and had lately
very depressed spirits. He sent his
for a newspaper, and in her absence
him in his bedroom, and cut his
car to car.

and body of a young man has been found
in the Cemetery. His wife died a fort-
He had at last taken a pillow, gone
to his grave, and laid himself down.

interesting experiment is about to be
St. Petersburg, in the founding of a
for the wearing of silk. In the
and more particularly in Central
the keeping of silk worms is becoming
more an industry of the people,
proposed to manufacture the raw
so obtained.

Midland express from Manchester and
pol for London the other night broke
near Leicester, owing to the failure of
time. It appears that while the train
was travelling at full speed, one of the econ-
the engine became heated, and the
suddenly stopped. After a delay of
an hour another engine was procured
brought the express on to Leicester.

Committee of women in Baltimore has
aided a fund

for the Johns Hopkins Uni-
versity, and has used it as a golden key to
the medical school of that institution to
them. They are to enter and graduate on
terms with the men, a condition to
be met in time, and in a time made shorter by
competition established at Baltimore.

trial of the action brought by the
School Board against Messrs. Wall
ers, to recover damages for breaches of
contract in the building of a school at Kil-

has terminated. The jury awarded the
defendants, and without ab-
the defendants, expressed their strong
opposition of the state of things in the
court's department of the board disclosed

by this inquiry. Mr. Justice Day entered
judgment for the plaintiffs, with costs.

"I believe in taking things quietly" said
the philosophical thief.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain have returned
from the States.

There were five cases of suicide in London
last week.

It is significant that last week six deaths
in London were attributed to influenza.

Last week 465 deaths in the metropolis were
referred to diseases of the respiratory organs.

The wife of P.C. Wakefield, of the Surrey
constabulary, stationed at West Horsley,
near Guildford, has given birth to three boys.

The Mercers' Company have just voted a
donation of £210 towards the funds of the
Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institute.

Since the commencement of the diphtheria
epidemic at Croydon 140 cases have been
notified.

No less than fifty deaths in the metropolis
last week were attributed to accident or
negligence.

The age of a widow, whose death from
bronchitis occurred in Kensington Infirmary,
was stated to be 100 years.

Last year the London Needlework Guild
gathered 30,000 articles, in the distribution
of which 163 charities were helped.

There were 63 deaths in London last week
from measles, 25 from whooping-cough, 15
from scarlet fever, and 24 from enteric fever.

Diphtheria was fatal in twenty-nine and
typhoid fever in twenty-four cases in London
last week.

Mr. Cunningham Graham, says a corre-
spondent, will inaugurate an active Parlia-
mentary campaign, with an amendment to
the address in favour of an eight hours day.

Last week 12,990 persons visited the South
Kensington Museum. This brings the total
number of visitors since the opening to
23,672,846.

So serious has the plague of rabbits become
in New Zealand that a mercantile company
connected with that country is paying 7s. 6d
a piece for stoats delivered, alive and in good
condition, to certain agents in England.

The votes were counted, on Tuesday, after
a poll which had been taken in Deptford on
the free libraries question. The number of
papers was 11,331, and the poll resulted in
a majority against a free library of about 7,500.

The directors of the Russian railways have
decided to remit 50 per cent. of the cost of
transport in favour of all French goods in-
tended for the exhibition which is to be held
at Moscow next year.

At the Mansion House, Henry Meyer was
charged with breaking into the premises of
Messrs. Birch brothers, and stealing a
quantity of clothes therefrom, on the 11th
inst., and he was further charged with a
similar offence in respect to the same premises
in July last. He was committed for trial.

Sir John Lubbock on Wednesday night
presented the prizes gained by the students at
the Birkbeck Institution. According to the
report of the committee the examination
results of the year were alike satisfactory and
encouraging. The total number of successful
students was 1,300.

At the Welsh fairs it has been usual, from
time immemorial, for servant men and girls
to stand in the streets until hired. This
winter, in some towns the town hall was
placed at the service of employers and those
requiring situations, while the mayor and
leading ministers of religion co-operated to
make the new movement a success.

The sunken vessel discovered in the Solent
off the Nab, is believed to be the brigantine
Sarah Ann, of Sunderland, and divers reports
that she had been in collision. Some bodies
have been found floating near the wreck, and
it is feared all hands perished in the collision.

At the annual dinner of the Licensed
Vintners' Protection Society of London
held at St. James's Hall, Mr. Henri Gros, of
Rheims, presided. The list of subscriptions
and donations to the society's charities
amounted to about £1,500.

Following the example of the dioceses of
Canterbury and Exeter, the Bishop of London
has entrusted to the Archdeacon of London
the duty of forming for the London diocese a
society for encouraging amongst all classes
definite reading on religious subjects.

Two jewellers' shops in Briggate, Leeds,
occupied respectively by Messrs. Stuart and
Co. and Mr. J. H. Barker, were broken into
during Tuesday night, and property stolen
of the value of £600. Among the stolen articles
are sixty watches and a number of valuable
rings. The thieves obtained access by boring
holes through the floors of the rooms above
the respective shops.

At a meeting held at the Westminster
Palace Hotel, under the presidency of Canon
Scott Holland, it was decided to form, under
the name of "The Consumers' League," an
association "to make it easier for buyers who
wish to do so to avoid injustice in their
dealings." Warfarin against "sweating" was the
keynote of the proceedings, and it was resolved
to publish a list of the names of "fair" em-
ployers in all branches of industry.

A serious fight has occurred at a village near
Bistritz, in Transylvania, between the sup-
porters of a newly-appointed pastor, who is of
Bosnian nationality, and the Saxon mem-
bers of his flock. The latter blocked the church-
door to prevent the entering of the pastor,
who was about to be formally installed, and
a tight of a most furious nature ensued in
which six persons were killed, and sixteen
seriously injured.

All letters and packets from abroad con-
cerning articles of the smallest value liable to
duty are subject to confiscation at the
Russian Post Office, unless a full description
of the contents be written on the outside.

Photographs and Christmas cards, as things
liable to duty, must be described in this way.

To send the compliments of the season is now,
therefore, a species of smuggling in the

Empire of the Czar.

George Busch, of Newark, N.J., was over-
come by coal-gas a few nights ago, while in the
cellar attending to a furnace. Two friends
who called at the house for him the next
morning could not gain admittance. Thinking
that he had overstepped himself, they concluded
to get in the back way and play a joke upon
them. They opened a cellar window, and dis-
covered Busch lying in his nightclothes on
the floor. He was resuscitated with difficulty.

Legal proceedings are about to be taken
against a member of the London County
Council by the management of the Royal
Aquarium. At the recent licensing meeting
Mr. Parkinson stated that a certain perfor-
mance of marionettes was of an indecent
character, and the statement, it is averred,
is "calculated to do, and is doing, a
great injury. To test its truth,
an action is to be commenced against Mr.
Parkinson.

Mr. Justice Smith on Wednesday summed
up in the case which Major Heath sought
to recover damages for libel against certain
of the directors of the Morris Tube Ammunition
Company for having alleged that his inves-
tigations were infringements of those of the
Morris Company. The jury returned a verdict
for the plaintiff for £100 damages against Sir
John Stokes, Mr. Batten, and Mr. Morris, and
his lordship gave judgment, refusing to stay
execution in view of an appeal.

Mr. Caine describes two great Government
cotton factories. The largest of these is at
Patna. Here the manufacture is carried on
during the summer, and in the winter the
cotton is packed and distributed. The stock
in the immense warehouses at the close of
the manufacture, reaches a total value of
£10,000,000. The other great factory is at
Ghazipur, near Benares. The production
reaches 60,000 chests a year, half of it being
consumed in India, and the profit to the State
is from five to six millions sterling.

The Royal Humane Society has just granted
a medal to Joseph Craig, the son of a cele-
brated swimmer. He already holds two
medals for saving life, and on September
21st he rescued a waterman at Newcastle
named Armstrong, the feat being charac-
terised as one that combined "daring, jumping,
swimming and diving," in the Ouseburn,
a tributary of the Tyne, which receives the
ravage of a densely populated district. He
jumped from a window 17ft. above the ground,
then scaled a gable, dived into 12ft. of water,
and swam a long distance before the rescue
was effected.

This story is told of Mr. Herbert Spencer—
"The other day he sauntered into the
billiard-room at the Seniors Club, and invited
a young man there to take the cue. The
latter did so. Beginning to play with
diligence, the philosopher gave a miss in
each. His opponent canonized on the red, and
left off, at thirty-seven, with all the balls out
of play. Then the master ran out. 'Sir,' the philoso-
pher said, as he gravely put his cue into its
case, 'a certain dexterity in games of skill
indicates a well-balanced mind; but experts
such as you have displayed are strong

and skillful in their profession.'

Mr. George Wyndham, speaking at the
annual banquet of the Dover Habitation
of the Primrose League, declared that the policy
of the Government benefited not only Ire-
land, but England, directly and indirectly, for
the Government found time not only to deal
with the Irish question, but to legitimate for
this country also; whereas, according to Mr.
Gladstone himself, if he were allowed to pur-
sue his Irish policy, the Home Rule question

would effectively block the way to all other
legislations.

The Queen's reach: Windsor from Bal-
moral on Thursday morning.

A great Agricultural Implement Trust,
practically creating a monopoly in America,
has been formed. The capital of the trust is
33,000,000dols.

Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., has opened
at Undercliffe, West Yorkshire, a new Con-
servative club, which is principally supported
by working men.

Henry Pickford, 36, boatman, was charged
with indecently assaulting Mercy Dooly, aged
8, at Oldbury, and was sentenced to twelve
months' hard labour.

A telegram from Teheran states that Sir
Henry Drummond Wolf passed the moun-
tains safely in a mule-litter. The worst part
of the journey is over.

Bald-headed men are said to be very num-
erous in Berlin. Anyone looking down into
the stalls of a London theatre might think
that the remark applied equally well here.

Volapük is being gratuitously taught in
Boston, Mass. It is only fitting that the
cultured descendants of the "Hub of the
Univers" should be able to converse in a
universal tongue.

Mr. Justice Willis, in charge of the grand
jury at Manchester Assizes, said the calendar
was a lamentable and, indeed, a terrible one,
there being six cases of murder, and five of
manslaughter.

There will be a morning performance of
"Ravenswood" at the Lyceum Theatre on
Saturday, December 6th, at two o'clock, for
the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

The entire staff of the theatre have volun-
teered their services for the occasion.

Parliament will be opened by Royal Com-
mission on Tuesday next, at two p.m. The
House of Lords will afterwards meet at 4.15
p.m., when the Address will be moved by
Lord Windsor, and seconded by Lord
Ardilaun.

Mrs. Peal, wife of the Speaker of the House
of Commons, continues to be seriously ill.

General Peal, who is a member of the
House of Commons, has been removed to
a private room at the Royal Infirmary.

The Celestials of San Francisco are not de-
sirable acquisitions to the population. Two
Chinese secret societies are at feud and have
resolved on mutual assassination.

During Mr. Balfour's tour through the
country of bog, he has almost been killed on
several occasions, not with dynamite or
infernal machines, but with kindness.

Japanese bricklayers do not carry their
mortar up to the tops of houses in the
fashion of Europeans. They make it up into
ciballs and throw them up. Hod, isn't
it Eric.

It is a significant fact in connection with
the recent pretence of abolishing polygamy
among the Mormons in Utah, that large emi-
grations are taking place from among that
people in Mexico.

Lord Cadogan seeks alliteration's artifical
desire to arm the public with a sword of
discredit, dismemberment, and dis-
credit.

"There is," says Mr. Balfour, "no jury that
I would prefer to go before, there is no
tribunal that I would rather have my lot,
my sentence determined by, than a tribunal of
working men of this country."

The sales of pictures sent to Australia for
exhibition by the Anglo-Austrian Society of
Artists have reached £5,000, the most impor-
tant works having been sold to the national
galleries in the colonies.

At the London Court of Bankruptcy, a
summarily married man was held on
a charge of having committed an offence
against the Queen.

At the Mansion House, Henry Meyer was
charged with breaking into the premises of
Messrs. Birch brothers, and stealing a
quantity of clothes therefrom, on the 11th
inst., and he was further charged with a
similar offence in respect to the same premises
in July last. He was committed for trial.

At a meeting held at the Birkbeck Institute
on Wednesday night, the Lord Mayor was
presented with a special gift.

At the Mansion House, Henry Meyer was
charged with breaking into the premises of
Messrs. Birch brothers, and stealing a
quantity of clothes therefrom, on the 11th
inst., and he was further charged with a
similar offence in respect to the same premises
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